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*H. Moriarty*  
**BRIGHTON**

IN AN

**UPROAR;**

COMPRISING

**ANECDOTES**

OF

**SIR TIMOTHY FLIGHT, Mr. ABRAHAMS, SOLOMONS,  
ALIAS MODISH AND FAMILY, &c. &c. &c.**

*A NOVEL,*

*Founded on Facts,*

---

**By H. M. MORIARTY.**

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“ ..... Truths like these  
“ Will none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please.”

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*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

**VOL. I.**

**SECOND EDITION.**

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**1811.**

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# BRIGHTON

IN AN

## UPROAR.

### CHAP. I.

Here as with doubtful pensive steps I range,  
Trace former scenes, and wonder at the change,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.



It was a gloomy, cold evening, in the month of January, when a lady descended from a diligence at the *Lion d'Argent*, in Calais. As few persons who travel by such a conveyance venture to take up

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B

Gen. Res. Part 15 Apr. 1852. Hollingsworth 2 v.

their residence at a hotel of such magnificence, it was a novel sight to the inhabitants: the servants flocked to see who could possibly come to their house in a diligence; at last they conjectured that most assuredly it must be some *femme de chambre*, who was directed to order preparations for the family of mi Lord Anglois; and they ran with this agreeable intelligence to their master, without stopping to take the luggage from the diligence, or once considering that the person who had excited their curiosity was still standing in a large court-yard, and from cold and fatigue was nearly fainting and exhausted.

But it would be difficult to describe the servants' astonishment, when Monsieur du Crocq made his appearance, at seeing him express the most profound respect and the greatest delight when he saw the lady; ordering lights to be immediately placed in the most elegant apartments, and directing each servant to bring such

provisions as he thought would prove most agreeable to his guest.

“Mais est il possible que Madame is come alone: where be the domestic? Par adventure some accident has happened to di Voiture—et Monsieur, where be he, for I did hear dat Mademoiselle were married.”

“You are right, Monsieur du Crocq; I have been married some years, and I have three children; but my situation in life is very different now from what it was when we last met: I keep no carriage, very few servants, and those are left with my family. Colonel Mortimer now commands at Woolwich, and as in England we are fearful that the peace which we now enjoy will only prove of short duration, officers find great difficulty in procuring leave of absence from the country. I came to Brussels to endeavour to recover some of my property, but the disastrous Revolution has destroyed the most valuable part, and I fear the

little that remains I shall have great trouble in obtaining, consequently, my old friend, you will see the necessity of my frugality. I came to your house because I have known you from a child; but as I can no longer afford those luxuries which I formerly enjoyed, I beg that I may be shewn into a less splendid apartment. My stay here will be very short: to-morrow I shall pass with the nuns, and the day following I propose to sail for England."

"Madame cannot go to England, as only de French Packet Boat do go now, derefore it would not be right, as Madame have no servant; den I must go see you safe to Dover."

"That is impossible, Du Crocq; nevertheless I feel greatly obliged to you for your offer; but, as I before observed, I am not in affluence, consequently I cannot make you a remuneration, therefore I am compelled to decline your kind proposal."

“ Dat cannot be, for I will go see you safe. I do think dat English gentleman do take more care of dere horse den of dere wife, for if your husband had sent a horse he would send a groom to take care of him, but he lets you come all alone.”

This observation of the innkeeper brought some disagreeable recollections to Mrs. Mortimer, which occasioned a few tears; but, whatever cause she had for grief, she was not of a disposition to encourage unavailing regret; but perhaps she never felt more forcibly the change in her establishment than at this moment. However, she had too much good sense to make any reply to Monsieur du Crocq, but turned the conversation, by inquiring after many friends whom she had not heard from since the commencement of the Revolution; and her feelings were frequently wounded by the recital of the sufferings which some had experienced by not embracing the cause of liberty.

She was delighted at hearing that les

Dames Dominicaines resided together. Monsieur du Crocq went to inform those ladies that one of their former pupils was arrived, and in a few minutes Mrs. Mortimer had the heart-felt satisfaction of being pressed to the bosom of St. Victoire. Those who have experienced reverse of fortune, and been separated from the friends of their youth, can alone appreciate such a meeting: they chatted of former times and present prospects, without considering that awful monitor time, and the nun was astonished to find that she had been so agreeably engaged, by referring to the past, that she had entirely forgotten the future; for on looking at her watch she found that vespers had been over above an hour, and that the usual period for her retiring to rest was also past. She regretted that she had not a bed to offer the traveller, but it was decided that during Mrs. Mortimer's stay in France she should be constantly with the nuns.



Mrs. Mortimer rang for the purpose of being shewn into her sleeping room, as she had very recently recovered from a dangerous illness. The fatigue of her journey, with the agitation that her spirits had experienced in again seeing her beloved friend, and the thought of being in a place which was endeared to her by the recollection of former times, had quite exhausted her spirits, and she was anxious to go early to rest, that she might gain sufficient composure of mind to enable her to meet the abbess and the rest of the nuns the following morning with cheerfulness; but she was disappointed in her calculations, for Monsieur du Crocq answered the bell.

“Ma foi Madame, I did not like to intrude when di Sœur St. Victoire was here, but Monsieur le Baron de St. Aubert have been here two or three times, to know if he could pay his respects to Madame, and he desires his compliments, and will call in de morning. Monsieur

le Baron be married, but he never have been happy since Madame left Calais. Why did you leave us? All de nuns were so fond of you, and le Baron de St. Aubert would have made you a better husband den any English mi lord: he be a good husband, aldo he only marry to please his mother, because he was di last of his family, as all de rest be guillotined."

"These are subjects on which I cannot enter: I have the greatest respect for the Baron de St. Aubert and his mother; it will give me pleasure to see him, and I trust he will be rewarded for his duty to his parent, by being happy as a husband and a father."

"Excuséz, Madame, I do not mean to offend, but you look so different from what you was when Mademoiselle Godefroi, dat I cannot think you do like England so well as France; you used to be di life of Calais; at all di balls, di spectacles, no one so lively and gay as Mademoiselle,

and now, excuséz, you do not look happy.” “You should not judge so hastily; I am fatigued with travelling, and seeing old friends creates a heartfelt melancholy, which is a delightful sensation to a feeling disposition. When you knew me I was young, and had every thing in view which could make this life desirable. I have now a family to think of; my husband I left in bad health, and those spirits which would be a recommendation at sixteen, would be deemed levity in a married woman of six-and-twenty.”

Monsieur du Crocq took his leave, and the fille de chambre made her appearance.

The next morning Mrs. Mortimer was awakened by an alarming clap of thunder; the wind howled horribly, and the rain, which fell in torrents, penetrated into her room: she arose, and was pleased to find that it was only seven o'clock, as she purposed, as soon as she was dressed, to surprise the nuns by an early visit;

but before she had finished her toilet, she was informed that the abbess was come to fetch her to breakfast. This was an attention from a lad of eighty-four years of age that she did not expect; and while she was expressing her thanks in a message, St. Etienne entered. It was the first visit she had paid since she was driven from her convent. She came, she said, out of respect to her late pupil, and she requested that Mrs. Mortimer would attend her home immediately, as the nuns would not go to prayer without her.

Mrs. Mortimer was a Protestant, but she respected every person who lived up to the faith of the religion they professed; consequently she had no objection to comply with the wishes of St. Etienne, and she was much gratified in seeing all her old friends assembled. It was in a cellar, for during the Revolution they were compelled to perform their religious duties in private; but the chapel was so

neatly fitted up that you soon forgot the approach to it. When the service was over she was conducted to the refectory. It is true that it had white-washed walls, oak tables, chairs and forms to correspond ; but the crackling faggot blazed on the humble hearth : resignation and cheerfulness sat on the countenances of the sisterhood : the meal on the table was plain, but wholesome ; and Mrs. Mortimer had the delight of seeing in this house of privation and abstinence, that luxury, which no riches can purchase—contentment.

As soon as the repast was finished the abbess invited Mrs. Mortimer into a small room, which she called her cell ; for as soon as these ladies were compelled to leave their convent they took a house large enough to contain them all, as they determined to dedicate their lives to the benefit of society ; and during the Revolution, did these valuable women, when the Catholic faith and all religious ceremonies were prohibited, run the risk

of being guillotined, by constantly performing, and exhorting others to join in their religious duties; and that the rising generation might not imbibe the pernicious principles which then prevailed, St. Etienne, at her advanced age, kept a day-school, and by her cheerful manners and assiduous application, taught the young people to venerate and worship that Supreme Being whose goodness and bounty had enabled their ancient preceptress, in the dreadful prison of Arras, and before that tribunal at which Robespierre presided, to stand firm in her religious and moral duties, and to persevere in acknowledging her God and her king.

St. Etienne was dragged from her home and placed in a prison: the only accusation against her was, that her family name was Grey, and as General Grey at that period commanded the British army in Flanders, they persisted that she was related to him, and that she had forwarded information which had proved destructive to the French interest. At this

period St. Etienne laboured under great bodily infirmity, but she could obtain no commiseration : to prison she must go, placed among common felons ; and the indecencies and enormities which were tolerated in the prison were such as excited the greatest horror ; but Mrs. Grey had made her vows from choice ; she had sworn at the altar to devote her life to her maker, and it appeared to her that the period was now arrived when her exertions might probably save some of her depraved companions from perdition ; she therefore hailed that moment as the most fortunate of her existence, which had placed her in a situation where she could, by preaching repentance and forgiveness, probably recall numerous sinners to a sense of their wickedness, and induce them to return to the paths of virtue.

When first she began to say mass, she only met with derision and indignity from the prisoners ; the jailor rebuked

and threatened her for daring to fly in the face of the laws of liberty ; but St. Etienne possessed a firmness of mind which rises superior to mere self-preservation : if they put her to death she knew that she had forfeited her life in preaching that Gospel which she had vowed to propagate : existence, therefore, could have no charms for her if she was divested of the power of serving her creator. She accordingly persevered in her laudable undertaking, and her perseverance was crowned with success : every day lessened the ridicule she experienced, and after a few weeks her companions voluntarily attended her devotions both morning and evening : in a short time that prison, which had been a scene of licentiousness and riot, became quiet ; the prisoners were industriously employed, and most grateful to their instructress, for her endeavours to save them from everlasting perdition.

St. Etienne assured Mrs. Mortimer



that she felt amply repaid for all the insults and the great hardships which she had endured, by seeing those poor wretches endeavour, by their exertions, to become useful to that society which they had disgraced.

The blessed day which relieved the world from that monster, Robespierre, opened the prison doors to the abbess; but this amiable woman felt no pleasure in her emancipation. She considered that her beloved and pious sisterhood no longer wanted her example to excite them to perform with cheerfulness the austerities of their religious order, and to preach faith, hope, and charity; she felt that in a prison she could be of more service to her fellow creatures than in the world, as by her patience and forbearance she could teach them that only the good and the virtuous can inherit the kingdom of heaven. But the dangerous state of her health induced her friends to insist upon her returning to them, that

she might not only have the best advice, but that she might have every care and attention paid to promote her comfort ; but they had great difficulty in accomplishing their wishes, as unknown to them she had petitioned to end her days in that very prison, the horrors of which, at entering, had even appalled her firm mind.

The furniture of St. Etienne's cell consisted of an iron bedstead without hangings, a small chest of drawers, above which was a crucifix ; one chair, and an old carpet which had been presented to her by Mrs. Mortimer when she was a pensioner in the convent of les Dames Dominicaines at Calais.

“ This carpet, my dear, has been my constant companion, and, I may add, my greatest luxury : when in prison, I slept on it, for only straw with one blanket was allowed me. Every day I prayed for the donor, that she might escape from experiencing such miseries as I then endured ; or, if it pleased the Almighty

to afflict her, that he might give her strength to meet her fate with resignation, being convinced that whatever is, is right, and that the merciful Disposer of all human events only chastises for wise purposes, ever holding in mind, that as we bear our trials here, so shall we be rewarded hereafter.

“ St. Victoire related to me the conversation which passed between her and you last evening. I am grieved to learn that you have had no reason to rejoice that you left this country ; if you had followed my advice you would have remained with us, and have become one of our holy order : you would then only have known worldly sorrows by name ; after the disappointment which you had experienced, it was not probable that you would ever be happy as a wife.”

“ Had I been permitted, my dear mother, to peep into the book of futurity, in all likelihood I should have followed your advice, as assuredly, the

hardships which I have encountered in a married life naturally induce me frequently to regret that I ever left your peaceful abode, and that I did not take those vows which would have secured me a residence in a house from which are excluded all the vexations and vanities of this world. You have long known my sentiments on religion, and, with such impressions, had I embraced a monastic life, I should have been unworthy of your friendship, as in seeking the retirement of a cloister only to elude those afflictions, which are attached to the female character, appears to my weak judgment as tending to defeat the end for which we were created. I am now called on to perform the sacred duties of a wife and a mother, and having been educated by you, I feel assured, that in those characters you will never be ashamed to acknowledge me as your pupil."

"I shall at all times, I am sure, be proud to acknowledge you; believe

me, the satisfaction which I feel at again conversing with you is the greatest pleasure I have known since compelled to leave our dear convent.

“ But I called you into my cell at the particular request of all the community ; we all entreat that when you and your children are disposed to retire from the busy scenes of the world, that you will remember that our house is open to receive you ; your children we consider as our children, for are you not our beloved daughter ? ”

Mrs. Mortimer was interrupted in her reply to this generous offer by the entrance of some of the sisterhood to express the great pleasure they felt in announcing that the storm had increased so violently that it must be some days before a packet boat would venture to sea, consequently that their old friend must be detained longer with them than she expected. Several persons were also waiting to see Mrs. Mortimer ; among them

were the old Baroness de St. Aubert and her son : she insisted upon Mrs. Mortimer dining with her : indeed, all her friends were most pressing with invitations to their houses ; but as she wished to pass all the time she could with St. Victoire, she requested the abbess to settle her engagements. St. Etienne therefore decided that Mrs. Mortimer should breakfast and sup with the nuns, during the time which she remained in France, and the rest of the day she should devote to those esteemed friends who had been the companions of her youth.

It may easily be imagined that time glided swiftly in such society, in defiance of weather : there was not a walk, or a place, which was endeared to Mrs. Mortimer by past scenes which she did not visit : assuredly it was a melancholy pleasure, nevertheless, to such feelings as her's it was a delightful sensation, although, reflecting on the past, occasioned some painful ideas.

On the fourth evening after Mrs. Mortimer's arrival at Calais, as she was returning to the Lion d'Argent, she met Monsieur Du Crocq, who seemed desirous of relating some extraordinary occurrence. She had scarcely gained her apartment before he entered it.

“ Ma foi Madame, dis be de luckiest ting in de world : Monsieur le Chevalier Flight be just arrived from Paris, he have brought only one valet wid him, and he be going to England. I took di liberty to say, dat one English lady be going to Angleterre, and asked the chevalier to let Madame belong to his suite ; derefore, if Madame will permit, to-morrow morning I will introduce Monsieur le Chevalier Flight to Madame.”

Mrs. Mortimer felt the full force of Monsieur du Crocq's attention, and was glad to avail herself of this introduction ; accordingly, at the proper time, she was introduced to Sir Timothy Flight, and

every thing was then settled that she should profit by his politeness, the baronet engaging to see her safe to her house in Rochester.

Sir Timothy Flight was just of age ; his father died when he was an infant, and he had only one sister and a brother living ; they all resided with their mother, who for beauty, accomplishments, and worth, was surpassed by none of her sex.

To Sir Timothy Flight Providence had been most bountiful, as his face, person, and manners, were such as to prepossess every one in his favour. He was quite a stranger in Calais, and he complained to Mrs. Mortimer that he found lounging in an inn most insufferably dull. She offered to introduce him to her old friends : the proposal was accepted with avidity, and as he was prevented by the inclemency of the weather from leaving France, he visited the nuns every day ; and if Mrs. Mortimer was struck by his



manners and appearance at first sight, on a further acquaintance she was convinced that he possessed a heart and mind the residence of every virtue.

While he remained in Calais all his time was devoted to doing good; he frequented the haunts of misery, and his purse was always open to relieve the distressed. He gave money to St. Etienne to purchase meat and clothing for the indigent, and it mattered not to him of what country or of what religious persuasion; they were fellow creatures, and in absolute want, consequently he considered that they had claims on his humanity. He was blessed with a mind which was too liberal to limit his bounty to those only who were his countrymen and Protestants; neither did he wait to search for those who are termed proper objects on which to confer his charity. He trusted that all those who partook of his munificence would be grateful to their Creator, for having in such a season sent

them a friend who had the power and inclination to relieve their miseries. He judged, that Providence, in having amply given him the means to be charitable, had entrusted to him riches, not merely to indulge in the luxuries and pleasures of this world, but also that he must hereafter be accountable for the use which he had made of them. He considered that he had no right to judge the actions of any individual; to relieve those whom he knew to be objects of compassion and deserving of his attention, was to him the greatest felicity: neither did he withhold his benevolence from the undeserving, if in real distress, as in his opinion they were the greatest objects of commiseration, and he trusted that they would be sensible of their error, and reform. A circumstance of this nature occurred to him as he was going to Paris, about a year previously to his introduction to Mrs. Mortimer.

Sir Timothy was walking in some fields

a short distance from Dover, and was amusing himself by admiring the beauties of nature. It was in the early part of autumn, when the country is decked in rich and beautiful foliage: He stopped to take a sketch of the castle, which struck his fancy: no sound was to be heard, save the shepherd's dog and bleating sheep. 'It had been some hours since he had seen the human face divine,' when all at once his attention was arrested by the most heart-piercing sighs and sobs: on turning to whence they proceeded, he perceived a pretty young woman, apparently in the deepest distress.

Sir Timothy could never see an object in misery without participating in their sorrows; he approached, and gently inquired if it were possible to alleviate her grief. The girl started at being addressed by such a fine gentleman.

"Oh, no—and please your honour, Betsey can have no comfort—for Robert

is gone, and father be so angry that I wish I were dead."

Sir Timothy inquired into further particulars, and the result proved that her father was a tradesman, and that she had got acquainted with a young man of dissipated habits. It was natural for a father to object to such a character for the husband of his child ; and to prevent their union, he got a pressgang to take Robert on board a tender. Betsey followed, and remained some days near him, and her father had just brought her home when Sir Timothy heard her lamentations. The young woman said she was sure that Robert would be steady and good in future if her father could be prevailed on to let her marry him, and only give them a small sum to remove them to a distance from all Robert's bad companions, and set them up in a little shop. She pleaded so powerfully to Sir Timothy's feelings that he got Robert discharged : they were married, and he

sent them to one of his estates in the north. Betsey is an excellent dairy-woman, and Robert attends the cattle: hitherto he has had a good account of them, and has every reason to believe that Robert will prove deserving of his further patronage.

Such was the character of the man under whose protection Mrs. Mortimer was to return to her husband. As particular business demanded Sir Timothy's presence in England, and as Mrs. Mortimer was impatient to return to her children, it was agreed that they should sail by the first packet. They made several applications to obtain an English vessel, but Monsieur M. was inexorable. The inns were all crowded, consequently they prepared themselves for a disagreeable passage, as of course they would have more companions than the packet could conveniently accommodate.

At last Mrs. Mortimer was summoned

to prepare for her departure, as a vessel would sail in a few hours. When the moment arrived that she was to bid adieu, probably for ever, to those friends from whom she had ever received even parental kindness and affection, it required all her fortitude, and indeed more than she possessed, to disguise the repugnance she felt at again visiting her native country. She was going to be separated from persons whom she sincerely loved, whose manners and pursuits suited her disposition, to return to a joyless home, to a country in which she had only known sorrow. Her children were most dear to her, she doated on them, but they were not of an age either to participate in her pleasures, or to sympathize in her misfortunes. Her situation was such that she could never look at these objects of her affections without lamenting the past, and dreading what their fate might be in future.

When she approached the pier, Sir

Timothy was ready to receive her. As he had a great quantity of luggage, the boat which was to take them to the vessel was completely loaded : the sea looked most awful, and the foaming billows bounded and recoiled in the most violent agitation.

“ God send you safe to the packet, my dear child ! ” exclaimed St. Victoire, crossing herself ; “ but indeed you had better return, and not venture till the sea is more calm. My foreboding mind prognosticates that some direful misfortune awaits you.”

At this instant Mrs. Mortimer was lifted into the boat, and the nun’s prognostications threatened every moment to be verified, as they were scarcely seated, before two of the oars were washed away by the fury of the waves ; the rudder next followed ; and that they reached the packet in safety, is among those wonderful incidents in life which weak mortals cannot fathom. Mrs. Mortimer’s dangers, however, did not terminate

here; she had never been used to encounter with difficulties of any kind; she was extremely near-sighted, and in stepping from the boat to the vessel, she did not fix her foot on the right place; the consequence was that she slipped. Fortunately a sailor caught her by the gown, but she had been up to the waist in the sea, and she was brought on deck insensible to all the cares of this world. As soon as she recovered she went to bed, but her situation was truly deplorable, as she lay for ten hours in her wet cloaths, which circumstance induced her to rejoice when she landed at Dover, an event which she thought most improbable when she left Calais.

It was night when they reached England, and those who are accustomed to travelling will not be surprised to hear, that it was late the next evening before they could get their luggage from the Custom House, and pursue their journey.

Sir Timothy sent his valet by a public



conveyance, and gave Mrs. Mortimer a seat in his carriage. The travellers reached Rochester about two in the morning. Colonel Mortimer instantly arose, supper was served, and they did not separate for some hours. The colonel regretted that he had not known of Sir Timothy's honouring him with a visit, that a bed might have been prepared for his reception, which he felt himself obliged to decline offering, as himself and wife had been so long absent, he was fearful that they might not be aired, but his servant had ordered one at the Crown inn, where he would attend on the baronet; and Sir Timothy departed with the promise of breakfasting with them the next morning.

Every parent will be aware of the joy which Mrs. Mortimer felt at finding all her children in perfect health, and that they had recovered from the whooping-cough, which they had caught in her absence.

Sir Timothy was an early riser, and came to breakfast by nine o'clock. Colonel Mortimer was soon convinced by his conversation that he merited the strong encomiums which his wife had bestowed on him, and they separated with great regret, as the conciliatory manners of the Baronet created an ardent desire in the Colonel to cement a friendship with a person every way so calculated to excite esteem. Sir Timothy appeared equally desirous of improving an acquaintance which accident had commenced, and he promised to visit Kent the ensuing summer.

## CHAP. II.

Avails it aught that nature's liberal hand,  
With every blessing grateful man can know,  
Cloaths the rich bosom of yon smiling land,  
The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow,  
If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,  
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,  
If, midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,  
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast?

Temp'rance, not abstinence, is every bliss,  
Is man's true joy, and therefore heaven's command,  
The wretch who riots, thanks his God amiss,  
Who starves, rejects the bounty of his hand.

W. WHITEHEAD.

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As Mrs. Mortimer will prove a conspicuous person in these anecdotes, it may be agreeable to the reader to be informed of her parentage and education.

Her father, Major Godefroi, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, served under the

great Duke of Cumberland in Flanders. He was a gentleman of such strict honour and gentlemanly manners, that he was an universal favourite. When he was first quartered at Brussels, he had just entered his twenty-second year; his father was recently dead, and had bequeathed to him a handsome fortune. He had two sisters, both of whom were considerably older than himself, and had been married some years, one to an admiral in the British navy, the other to a doctor of divinity. The Major was of an ancient family, as he traced his ancestors having landed in England with William the Conqueror. Colonel Honeywood, who served in the same brigade, had been educated at the same school with the Major; they were both extremely accomplished, inseparable friends, and their society was courted by every one.

Colonel Honeywood had been, previously to this period, sometime in Brussels, and had formed a friendship with

the chancellor of the Low Countries. The Baron d'Arrambert was a sensible man, of retired habits. He had married a beautiful woman, much younger than himself, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The Baron never entered into public amusements or large parties, but he did not deprive his wife of those pleasures which suited her time of life and disposition. The situation he held under government took up much of his time, and consequently prevented his being much at home. The baroness was of a lively character, had been educated in France, and was fond of company. Her house was open twice in every week, when she gave *petit soupers*, which were delightful. She possessed great wit, was visited by persons of the highest rank, and, in short, was quite the fashion. Her conduct as a wife was irreproachable, as she blended good sense and religion with her accomplishments; and the Baron was certain, that in trusting his honour to her

keeping, he had placed it under a guardianship which would never betray the sacred trust. The Mademoiselles d'Arrambert had been sent to a convent as soon as they came from nurse, and the son was with a priest.

Madame d'Arrambert saw her children frequently, and she anticipated each interview with the fondest expectation; but in the round of pleasure in which she was engaged, according to foreign customs, and with her ideas of propriety, to have had her daughters with her would have been highly indecorous. The eldest was engaged at the time she had completed her fourteenth year to marry her cousin the Count de Belgrade; the union was to take place in a few months, and she was not to make her appearance in public till the ceremony was over. Hubertine d'Arrambert had only once seen her intended husband; he had a large fortune, and the alliance was approved of by both families. Josephine, the

youngest sister, was destined to take the veil, as the Baron d'Arrambert possessed all the pride of his ancestors, and considered, that by devoting his youngest child to her Maker, he should be enabled to increase the fortune of his son, who would thereby be better able to support the dignity of his house. His wife made no objection to these arrangements; she saw no reason why Josephine should not be a nun, especially as it was the custom in all families of rank to devote some of the females to a monastic life, and she had a sister, who was abbess of the convent in which her children resided.

Such was the situation of the chancellor's family, when Colonel Honeywood introduced Major Godefroï to the Baron d'Arrambert. The friends attended all Madame d'Arrambert's parties, and she invited them to join several of her relations, who were to accompany her to Antwerp, where she was going to see her daughters, and to be present when a re-

lation of her's was professed, who had just then completed her noviciate. This ceremony was to take place in a few days. Colonel Honeywood and Major Godefroï were delighted at having such a favourable opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, and accepted the invitation. As the party were to stay sometime at Antwerp, a large house was taken for their accommodation, and Hubertine d'Arrambert being soon to pledge her faith at the altar, the Count de Belgrade was of course one of the party, and as a great indulgence, the sisters were permitted to remain with their mother.

Hubertine d'Arrambert was uncommonly tall of her age, and assuredly very handsome; she was extremely lively, and was in such raptures at being in the world, that she appeared like a bird escaped from its cage.

Major Godefroï was soon sensible of the charms and amiable disposition of Hubertine, and she was delighted in



having an opportunity of improving herself in the English language, which she was studying in the convent. She, therefore, constantly walked with the Major, and before she was aware of being in danger, had disposed of her heart; for she was so unacquainted with the manners of society, that she knew no reason why she should disguise her feelings. Every one was so taken up with viewing the beautiful paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools, that they did not notice what was going forward; and Hubertine and the Major had come to a full explanation of the sentiments which they entertained for each other, before the expiration of the week. The Count de Belgrade was an amiable man, and calculated to make the marriage state happy, as he possessed a good heart and many valuable qualifications; but he had paid no more attention to Hubertine d'Arrambert than to the rest of the party. It had been agreed for some years that one

should be his wife, and he had no idea that any thing could prevent an alliance, which was very desirable, as the Baron d'Arrambert's estates joined his, and some land, which the Count de Belgrade had long been anxious to possess, was to be part of Hubertine's portion.

An awful bell announced that the morning was arrived when Mademoiselle de Colbert was to resign the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, and the party were summoned to the convent of Notre Dame; but the multitude which were assembled in the hope of obtaining permission to see the beautiful girl make her vows was so great as to render it difficult to gain admittance. As soon as it was known that the Baroness d'Arrambert and her party were waiting, measures were taken to procure them an entrance. Places had been prepared for them in a gallery opposite to the spot where Sophia de Colbert was to take her station. The chapel was filled with novices, who were

decorating it with ornaments and flowers; and at the upper end was an eminence covered with a rich carpet, where the object who had brought so many spectators was to be seated. The ceremony that followed was most imposing: the father and brother of the devoted victim were both present, and weeping: they were dressed in deep mourning, and the English friends found great difficulty in refraining from joining them in tears. Their attention was now roused by the most solemn airs being performed on a fine-toned organ, accompanied by some of the most harmonious voices which they had ever heard, and immediately afterwards the procession commenced. The lady abbess first made her appearance, followed by all the nuns; after these came all the novices and the children educated in the convent; then Sophia de Colbert, holding a lighted taper in her hand. She was conducted by two sisters to the altar, which was nearly in

the centre of the chapel, where she remained some time at her devotions, after which the superior of the convent of St. Dominique addressed the novice with great feeling: the exhortation was replete with unaffected eloquence, and Sophia gave the most steady attention. She then advanced between two of the nuns, and made her profession in distinct and clear language, meekly kneeling before the priest. Prayers followed.

The proper dress of the order was laid on a table. The lady abbess took off the white veil from Sophia, and placed on her head a black one; a belt and beads were fastened round her waist, and the priest sprinkled the devotee with holy water. She then delivered to him a box containing all the rich and valuable ornaments which she had worn while in the world: the holy man stamped on them with the greatest indignation, and she trampled them under her feet, as being now unworthy of her attention. Se-

veral grand choruses succeeded by the priests and nuns; and mass was performed in the most superb manner, and with all its priestly ornaments. The father and brother of the beautiful victim came in the hope of prevailing on Sophia, even at the altar, to change her resolution, in the fond hope that parental and brotherly affection would predominate over her religious vows, and induce her to return to her afflicted relatives. They placed themselves in a conspicuous part of the chapel; but the novice was so intent on the duties she was then performing that the ceremony was nearly finished before they met her attention. When they did attract her notice, she withdrew her eyes with great precipitation; for a moment she appeared agitated, but, as if recollecting herself, with a haste and resolution which confounded her relations, she arose from her kneeling attitude, and, having retired a few paces back, threw herself at full length on the carpet, with

her face to the ground: humbled thus to the earth, she kissed it, to signify her lowness of spirit, and to prove that she had renounced all the vanities and follies of this world. The passing-bell began to toll, and she was covered with a pall, as if the breath of life had really departed from her.

The countenances of the father and brother at this moment were such as to excite the most powerful commiseration: despair was painted in every feature; to speak was impossible, for the power of articulation was suppressed. The whole congregation became extremely affected at this part of the ceremony, and for some minutes an awful silence prevailed.

The burial service was chaunted in the most solemn manner: the organ, assisted by the vocal powers of the priests and nuns, seemed to exalt the soul. At last Sophia raised her eyes and fixed them on her father and brother; and at this instant it might be discovered that nature

was not extinct in her breast. Her frame shook, her heart was agonized, and she was unable to repress her sighs. This was too much for the miserable parent; he sunk senseless into the arms of his son, and was instantly conveyed from the scene which had caused him such heart-piercing sorrow.

This event interrupted the ceremony for sometime : poor Sophia was led to a chair, and prayed most devoutly : her soul had overcome trials which demanded the assistance of every surrounding object, rather than to experience those feelings which only served to afflict her.

The sacrament was now administered with all the solemnities of the Catholic Church. This ended, St. Thérèse, (the appellation by which, in future, Sophia de Colbert was to be known) arose, kissed the priest's garment, bowed to the crucifix, then to the lady abbess, the nuns, novices and pensioners, and some young ladies who resided in the convent

strewed flowers over them as they proceeded to the last ceremony, that of crowning, supposed to be emblematical of that crown of glory which is to be the reward of the good in the world to come.

The rest of the day was passed in innocent festivity, to prove that the young nun felt no regret in having renounced the world. Indeed, her whole deportment was such as to convince the spectators that in changing her plan in life she had only varied her happiness.

- “ How happy is the blameless vestal’s lot;  
“ The world forgotten, by the world forgot ;  
“ Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,  
“ Each pray’r accepted, and each wish resign’d.  
  
“ Labour and rest at equal periods keep,  
“ Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;  
“ Desires composed, affections ever even, [ven.  
“ Tears that delight, and sighs which waft to hea-  
  
“ Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
“ And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams :  
“ For her th’ unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
“ And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes.



- “ For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,  
“ For her white virgins hymeneal sing ;  
“ To sounds of heav’nly harp she dies away,  
“ And melts in visions of eternal day.”

The expence of the entertainment is always defrayed by the nun, and Madame d’Arrambert had been very liberal to her friend on this occasion ; she and her lovely daughters were of course invited, and the priest from the neighbouring convent, with a few friends, composed the party.

The English, who were of the Baroness’s party, returned in a most melancholy state of mind : it appeared to them as one of the most sorrowful sights which they had ever beheld ; and they were shocked to think that the young and beautiful Josephine was in a few years to go through the same awful ceremony.

They expressed these sentiments to the Count de Belgrade, who was really a fine young man, and for whom Colonel

Honeywood had a great esteem, which was however materially lessened when he heard the Count declare that he thought it very proper to sacrifice children to the life of a cloister when the parents could not give them ample fortunes without injuring the dignity of their family by lessening the son's inheritance.

This induced Major Godefroï to inquire whether Sophia de Colbert had been the victim of family pride. The Count assured him that her seclusion proceeded from choice; that her father had an immense fortune, and only two children. Sophia lost her mother when she was an infant, had been educated at the same convent with the Baroness d'Armbert, and had resided much with her friend since she married. To the great surprise of every one, she determined to leave the world: every person was ignorant of her intention till a few weeks before she entered the convent of Notre Dame: she had always a pensive turn of

mind, and was fond of retirement ; but the general opinion was, that she had a partiality for a young man, who was drowned about two years before. To dissipate their melancholy reflections, the gentlemen took a walk into the country, and proposed to pass by the house of the Baron de Colbert to inquire after his health. They were concerned to hear that he had continued for some time in fits, and was supposed to be in a very dangerous state, his son having just sent for additional medical assistance.

On their return to Antwerp, they found Madame d'Arrambert alone ; she had left her daughters in the convent, as she proposed returning to Brussels the next day. Her deportment was more grave than usual, and the traces of recent tears were visible on her still beauteous face.

The Major inquired how she had left St. Thérèse. " To all appearance," she said, " perfectly happy. Indeed, I am con-

vinced that Sophia has chosen a life best suited to her character and disposition ; but I confess I could not help being much affected at taking my leave of her : my poor Josephine I fear is not so well calculated to find happiness in the seclusion of a convent as my friend.”

The party called at the convent the following morning, when they saw St. Thérèse and Mademoiselle d'Arrambert. Hubertine was to be married in three months ; but though the Count de Belgrade took his leave of her with great politeness, yet any person might discover that this was to be a match of convenience, not affection.

Soon afterwards Major Godefroï made his friend acquainted with what had passed between him and Mademoiselle d'Arrambert ; and it was decided that Colonel Honeywood should speak to the lady's father on the subject. The Major asked for no fortune, but requested that Josephine might have what had

been intended for her sister. The Baron d'Arrambert made no objection, and consented to what, he was told, would make one child happy by marrying the man of her choice, and the other equally so by giving her the option of remaining in the world, or ending her days in Notre Dame. However, when Madame d'Arrambert was consulted, she gave a decided negative; she had rather follow her child to the grave than see her united to a heretic. As this objection was insurmountable, Major Godefroï contrived to see Hubertine, and inform her of the ill-success of his application. She really disliked her cousin, the Count de Belgrade, and a little persuasion induced her to elope with the Major. Several of the British officers assisted, measures being taken to elude the vigilance of the abbess, and Hubertine was conveyed out of the Emperor's dominions. Arriving at Amsterdam, she was married to Major Godefroï, who imme-

diately conducted her to his family in England, where they were again married previously to his returning to join the army in Flanders. Madame d'Arrambert could never be prevailed on to forgive or to see her daughter; and Josephine soon became the wife of the Count de Belgrade: her fortune received considerable increase by the Major refusing to accept of any with Hubertine.

Mrs. Godefroi's situation when her husband left England was by no means enviable. She was left with her sister-in-law, who had both a decided antipathy to Foreigners and Catholics; and, having very contracted ideas, it was not likely that the lively animated manners of Hubertine should meet with their approbation. It was also some time before the Major's uncle, the Bishop of E—, could be prevailed on to admit her into his presence; Hubertine therefore contemplated with delight the moment when her hus-

band should return ; anticipating in that event that all her sorrows would be at an end. But disappointment was yet in store for her, for when he arrived, he was extremely ill, a wound which he had received having so injured his constitution that he lingered with a consumptive complaint for many years, when he left his widow with four children. Hubertine, the youngest, was born in the same week in which her father expired, and was immediately sent to a relation of her mother's, who was then residing in the Dominican Convent at Calais, where she remained till she was five years of age.

Mrs. Godefroï was still a beautiful woman, and possessed all the fascinating manners of the French, was very fond of company and devoting her whole time to pleasure. Her two sons went into the army ; the eldest into the third regiment of Guards, and the younger into the twenty-fifth regiment of foot. Her daughter married an officer in the Horse-

guards when only fifteen years of age. Hubertine was several years younger than her brothers or sister, and not having been nursed at home, had seldom been with them; neither did her mother feel the same affection for her as for her other children. It was likewise represented to Major Godefroi's family that Hubertine's education was neglected, and that she was not treated with that kindness and affection that her tender years required. They therefore made application to the lord chancellor, who nominated proper guardians to superintend the education of Hubertine; and she was taken from her mother, and placed at Mrs. Pugh's school, at Great Baddow, in Essex. In that lady's affection and kindness Hubertine found the tender care of a mother. She remained at Baddow till nearly fourteen years of age, when she separated from her friend and instructress with great regret.

She then went to reside with one of



her guardians, Mr Stanton, a gentleman high in the law. He had a wife and six children; and Hubertine not only found here an eligible home, but she was in every respect treated the same as his own daughters. To enumerate the many virtues which this family possessed, and the innumerable kindnesses which she received from them, would take up several pages. Her other guardian was a bishop, and it was his orders that she should only be permitted to see her mother and sister occasionally, as they almost kept open house, frequented balls, masquerades, and all fashionable places of amusement; and he thought his ward too young to enter into such scenes of dissipation. Mr. Stanton was of the same opinion, and partly complied with his lordship's wishes; but he was himself a father, and could feel the full force of parental love. Therefore when Mrs. Godefroï pleaded to have her daughter with her, he frequently granted her re-

quest: and although Hubertine never slept out of her guardian's house, she passed the greater part of her time with her mother and sister. Her brother-in-law, Captain H. resided in May-fair; he played deep, visited persons of high rank and fashion, and Hubertine of course had soon a numerous acquaintance.

Among those who were most intimate with Captain H. was Charles Fitzosborn, who was the second son of a merchant. He paid great attention to Hubertine; and in a few months the young people became much attached to each other. Her sister was the only person who knew of this partiality, and it was carefully concealed from the guardians of Hubertine. At last Fitzosborn was determined to ask his father's consent to marry Miss Godefroï; but he met with a refusal. She received this intelligence in a letter from Fitzosborn; and the same day she had a visit from Mr. Mac Namara, a solicitor. This gentleman informed her

that old Fitzosborn had desired him to assure her, the only objection he had to receiving her as his son's wife was, her fortune being too small, as he had a large family to provide for ; and he could not consent to their marrying without obtaining more money than she possessed ; that the young Fitzosborn had been accustomed to all the luxuries of life, was very extravagant, and consequently that their union could only terminate in ruin to both parties. Those who have really loved can only form an idea of what were the feelings of Hubertine ; she was indeed miserable : her attachment to Charles Fitzosborn was most sincere ; she had never known the blessing of residing either with father, mother, brother, or sister ; her's was not a divided affection. Fitzosborn was the first person who had awakened in her bosom warmer sentiments than those of esteem ; and she felt that in losing his society she was bereft of all that could make this life desirable.

When her guardians were informed of what had passed, they were angry with her for encouraging the attentions of any person, without their knowledge. Her father's family never forgave her, as they considered it an indignity to them that she should be refused to be received into the family of a merchant, as they piqued themselves that none of their ancestors had ever been in trade. One of her cousins had written a challenge to Fitzosborn, and his valet mentioning the circumstance to Hubertine, she prevailed on the man to give it to his master's sister, and her interference prevented its being sent.

Hubertine was compelled to disguise her feelings, as they only created anger instead of exciting commiseration; but she was agreeably surprised by Fitzosborn, a few days after, appointing a time to meet her at her sister's. They met, and past misery was obliterated by anticipation of future happiness. It was

agreed that they should wait till some favourable change took place, and Mrs. H—— consented that they should meet occasionally at her house; this they did for sometime, but Hubertine being in a continual state of anxiety, her health visibly declined. Her relations heard that she saw Fitzosborn at her sister's, and they prohibited her, on pain of their everlasting displeasure, ever seeing him again; for if his father would offer millions they would never consent to her entering into his family after having been once rejected. She knew the impropriety of these stolen interviews, and at length determined to obtain her guardian's permission to leave England. She pleaded her desire of improving herself in the fine arts, and they consented, provided that she resided in a convent. An elderly lady, who had a great regard for Hubertine, went with her, and the South of France was fixed on for their residence, till Miss Godefroi's health should be re-

established. They sailed for Bourdeaux, but as they sought for retirement, they only remained a short time in that city; they then proceeded to St. Foy, a beautiful small town on the Banks of the Dordogne. Here Hubertine recovered her health; but neither herself or companion could gain admittance as boarders in the convent of Les Dames de la Foy, as their order would not allow them to take Protestants; otherwise, in right of her mother, Hubertine could have demanded an asylum with them. They, however, got lodgings near the convent, and the greater part of their time was passed with the ladies of that monastery. Hubertine read, worked, and drew with them; she also studied music: in short, this was the happiest period of Miss Godefroi's life. Every post brought her letters from Charles Fitzosborn, whilst her hours were dedicated to improvement, in the delightful anticipation that she was gaining knowledge and accomplish-

ments that would render her a more pleasing companion to the object of her affections.

When her health was sufficiently established, she left St. Foy, as the Marquis de St. Valere had made her an offer of his hand; and although he had been refused, he would not forbear intruding upon her. This determined her to return to the Dominican convent in Calais, at which place Fitzosborn came to see her, and his attention was such, as to convince her, that no alteration had taken place in his sentiments since she had last seen him.

Hubertine continued to devote all her time to the improvement of her mind: she learnt Italian, read Ancient and Modern History; in short, every moment was employed in the hope of giving pleasure to Fitzosborn. With this impression, it is impossible to describe her feelings, when she was informed that a person had a parcel which he could only

deliver into her hands: she went to the parlour, where she saw an English groom: demanding his business, he answered that he was servant to Lord Compton, but the parcel came from Mr. Charles Fitzosborn. She opened it with the fond expectation of hearing of his health and happiness, when the first object which attracted her notice was her own picture, with a few lines in the cover to request that his might be returned to him, and also his letters, as he had enclosed her's.

Astonishment seemed to petrify all her faculties; she became a perfect statue, and had neither power to articulate or move. The parcel fell from her hands, and she sunk without motion into a chair. The groom felt for her situation, and rang the convent-bell violently. Her old friend, Mrs. Grant, was called, and Hubertine was carried to her apartment in a stupor. No tears could she shed; she seemed insensible to all surrounding



objects, and the physician compelled them to endeavour to rouse her attention, by producing the picture and papers which had occasioned her malady.

“ The tempest in my mind  
“ Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
“ Save what beats there :  
“ For where the greater malady is fix’d,  
“ The lesser is scarce felt.”

The tempest in Hubertine’s mind remained in this alarming state for several weeks, during which period Mrs. Grant wrote both to Fitzosborn and to his father, but no notice was taken of the application.

Report said that Charles Fitzosborn had met with a lady at a watering-place, with whom he had flirted, and that her brother interfered, and insisted upon his marrying her. Another was, that Hubertine’s brothers and sister had been so extravagant and dissipated, that Fitzosborn’s father had convinced him that he would find no happiness in an alliance

with such connections; but these were only reports, for Hubertine never knew from what cause Charles Fitzosborn had thus doomed her to wretchedness.

Her character became quite changed; she could not settle to any thing: reading, drawing, and needle-work, were all neglected. Music had such an effect on her spirits, that if by chance she heard the sound of an instrument she wept bitterly. In this situation of mind, her friends, the Abbess and St. Victoire, thought it a favourable opportunity to prevail on her to embrace the Catholic faith, and leave a world in which she could only meet with perfidy and deceit. Most gladly would she have taken the veil, but Mrs. Grant informing her guardians of what was likely to happen, they desired, that if she could not prevail on Hubertine to return to England, that she would make a tour, as probably change of scene might restore to her that serenity which she had lost.

Mrs. Grant loved Hubertine as a daughter, and had long wished to see her united to the Baron de St. Aubert, a young man who had shewn a great partiality for her; therefore she contrived to make a party for the intended expedition, in which the Baron de St. Aubert and his mother should form a part. They visited all Picardy, and then remained sometime with Hubertine's relations in Flanders. Her uncle at this time held the same office that his brother had filled, and the Archduchess at this period also held her court at Brussels. The Baron d'Arrambert presented his niece to her; and if Hubertine could have forgotten Charles Fitzosborn, she might have been happy. She was by no means a beauty, but her person and accomplishments were such as to attract admiration; added to which, as her uncle had no children, and was chancellor of the Low Countries, it was presumed that her fortune would not be contemptible. She had already

eight thousand pounds, which, though it was not reckoned much in England, was thought a handsome fortune in a foreign country, and her connections in Brussels placed her in the first rank of society.

The Baroness de St. Aubert was extremely fond of Hubertine. The Baron was an only child, and she knew his happiness depended on his marrying Miss Godefroi. The old lady pleaded his cause most powerfully, and her uncle approved of her espousing a foreigner. She therefore felt that she could make no reasonable objection to uniting herself to the Baron de St. Aubert; but the idea of entering into any matrimonial engagement was to her dreadful; for although his name never passed her lips, yet Fitzosborn was never from her thoughts. She was, however, so importuned by Madame de St. Aubert and her uncle, that she determined to sacrifice her own feelings, as she had now given up all

idea of happiness. She therefore candidly told the baron every thing which had passed ; the strong attachment which she feared she still felt for Fitzosborn, whom she would endeavour to obliterate from her recollection, and if he could, after such a recital, wish to have her, she would consent to become his wife on that day twelve months. So far from objecting, he was delighted at obtaining such a promise. All the party were rejoiced that she had given her consent ; feasting, dancing, and all sorts of amusements, were resorted to during their residence in the Low Countries ; and, from being of a retired habit, Hubertine became absolutely dissipated, frequenting all public amusements, and never easy but when in large companies. In fact, she frequented these gay assemblies, because she felt it now her duty to forget Fitzosborn ; and it was only in scenes of feasting and mirth that he was for one moment absent from her mind. It is

difficult to describe her feelings: she thought of him with no sentiment of anger; he was dear to her recollection, and with pleasure would she have resigned her existence to promote his welfare; she wished to be assured that he was happy, although married to another.

On her returning to Calais she found some very kind letters from her father's family, expressing their approbation of her having accepted the Baron de St. Aubert, and being no longer in the disgraceful situation of keeping up a correspondence with a man, whose father objected to her becoming one of his family; that she would now be in a rank of life superior to Fitzosborn, and hoping that she would not, on any account, ever see or write to him again. Hubertine now determined to remain in England till she married, and it was about this period that her guardian, the late Mr. Stanton, died, and also one of his daughters, who had accompanied Miss Godefroï. Her

death was a melancholy one: she, with Hubertine and Mrs. Grant, left Calais about five o'clock in the evening, and got to Dover in the night. The next morning Mrs. Grant rose early, as she wished to dine in London, but a scene she little expected frustrated her intention. On calling on Miss Stanton to rise, she was alarmed at not being able to obtain any reply: she entered her room, but still no answer could she obtain to any question; the young lady only gave her a vacant stare, and the motions she made indicated that she suffered great pain. A physician was sent for, who pronounced that her indisposition proceeded either from having taken too much opium, or having broken a vessel in the head, by the straining produced by sea-sickness. Other advice was called in, but all the exertions made to save her proved of no avail, and a few hours terminated her existence. An express had been sent for Mrs. Stanton, as soon as

the doctor had declared that his patient was in danger: she, with four of her children, arrived the same day that Miss Stanton expired. This interview between Mrs. Stanton and Hubertine proved to be most sorrowful; the former deplored the loss of a beloved daughter, and the latter lamented a friend whom she had loved as a sister, whose amiable disposition, elegant accomplishments and manners, rendered her an invaluable companion. What added, if possible, to the melancholy catastrophe, was, that the cause of Miss Stanton's dissolution was never rightly ascertained. The medical gentlemen wished to open the head, but strong objections were made to this by an aunt, who had accompanied the family to Dover.

Three weeks elapsed before Mrs. Stanton departed from Kent. The Baron de St. Aubert, as soon as he was informed of the melancholy event that had taken place, was anxious to join Hubertine;



but this she would not permit, as she was resolved to go to a cousin of her's who resided in Wiltshire. She was in hopes, by being with Mr. and Mrs. Banter, that she should be reconciled to the rest of her family, all of whom she had displeased by encouraging Charles Fitzosborn, after she had been rejected by his father.

When the funeral was over, the party proceeded to London. As Hubertine had not been for sometime in England, she had several purchases to make, besides many commissions which she had to execute for her friends in France. She also bespoke her wedding-paraphernalia; a handsome chariot was also ordered, and every morning was occupied with shopping. She had heard that Fitzosborn was soon to be married, and she sincerely prayed that it might prove for his happiness; yet, while he remained single, she had still hopes. She reasoned with herself on the subject, and although she

confessed that should he even again return to her, no dependance could be placed in a character which did not possess stability; and to a disposition like her's, if after marriage he neglected her, she should be a most wretched and miserable creature. Yet such was her infatuation, that she would much rather have been his wife, in the most indigent circumstances, than united to any other person in the greatest affluence. She wished, yet dreaded to meet him; and the day previous to her leaving town, as she was coming out of a music-shop in the Strand, she saw him with his elder brother. They did not even bow; and for the first time in her life, Hubertine felt angry with Charles Fitzosborn. This was a decided insult in her opinion; and if the Baron de St. Aubert had made his appearance at that moment, in her present state of mind, she would most willingly have become his bride.

## CHAP. III.

Ah! why, my heart, thus nurse a flame,  
Which reason should remove?  
Why dwells remembrance on a name  
I dare no longer love?

Yet, ah! the bands affection wove  
Were twin'd with every thought;  
While hope to guard the blossom strove,  
Her fostering sunshine brought.

PRATT.

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HUBERTINE did not depart for Wiltshire in the best spirits in the world, for Charles Fitzosborn, not taking any notice of her, had wounded her pride. She was received with great affection by Mr. and Mrs. Banter, and every day they were engaged to formal dinner parties, which, with other visiting, took up the

greater part of their time. They also attended Salisbury races, so that during the first month of Hubertine being in the country they were constantly engaged.

The Baron de St. Aubert was a regular correspondent; she allowed he had great merit, and was deserving of her undivided affection: his mother treated her with the greatest respect, and declared that to see her son united to Hubertine was the wish nearest her heart. She was convinced that the family she was about to enter would do every thing which depended on them, to contribute to her comfort and happiness; and she preferred residing in France to remaining in England. The Baron de St. Aubert was very handsome, and had received a liberal education. Both her English and Foreign relatives approved of the match, and preparations were making for its completion. Had Hubertine never known Fitzosborn, the Baron de St. Aubert would assuredly have been the object of her choice; his beha-

viour to her was generous and delicate, and she was sure that she should have no reason to repent of any engagement which she entered into with him; but, strange as it must appear, having seen Charles Fitzosborn, although he treated her with neglect, and not even with common civility, it had brought past scenes so forcibly to her recollection, that she feared, in giving her hand to the Baron, she should not make him happy, whilst she would herself be perfectly miserable, as she was now convinced that neither absence or neglect could obliterate from her memory the recollection of Fitzosborn.

She was in this agitated state of mind when two letters were presented to her, the one from Charles Fitzosborn, the other from his father. They were precisely on the same subject; that if she would give up all claims to Fitzosborn, and promise never in future to receive any addresses from him, that his father would

take him into partnership. Hubertine's spirit now indeed rose; this was a cruel insult; had she not been twice rejected, (the last time no reason assigned for such treatment) and now to wound her feelings by such a request, appeared to her a refinement on cruelty. She immediately replied to Mr. Fitzosborn, inclosing his own and son's letter, and expressing herself in such language as must convince him he had nothing to fear from any attachment that his son had or might have for her. To Charles Fitzosborn she gave no answer; her pride, and the situation she stood in with the Baron St. Aubert, forbade her painting the agony of her feelings to him; for, although he had rendered her for ever miserable, she could not bring herself to write any thing which might give him pain. Her relations were averse to her taking notice of either of the letters, but for her to treat the father of Fitzosborn with disrespect was impossible. Every thing was now at an

end between her and Fitzosborn: she had pledged her honour in the most solemn manner, that in future she would neither correspond with him or receive his visits, and at this moment her existence was a load which she would gladly have resigned; but the trials of her heart were not to end here.

The following morning she was desired to attend a young gentleman, who had just arrived in a post-chaise and four, apparently in great haste. He refused giving his name, said his business was urgent, and he must see Miss Godefroi immediately. When she entered the room she was surprised to see Charles Fitzosborn, and her astonishment gained additional force at his informing her, that not having had any answer to a letter which he had addressed to her, he came to implore that she would give him such a release as would prove to his father that she had no claims on him. This he entreated to have immediately, as some

family arrangements were then taking place. Miss Godefrœi convinced him that she had satisfied his father on this head, and he took his leave. This was the last time she saw Fitzosborn. That such a meeting was most distressing to her may easily be believed ; but she was compelled to smother her feelings, as her relations had no compassion for her, as they thought that she wanted that proper pride which every female ought to possess on a similar occasion. Fitzosborn was scarcely departed before Mr. and Mrs. Banter gave her to understand that they should no longer request her residence with them, than while she adhered to her engagements with the Baron de St. Aubert ; and that in future Charles Fitzosborn could not be received into their house. This rebuke obliged her to explain to them from what cause his appearance originated.

Hubertine at this period was indeed an object of the greatest compassion ;



deserted by the man she fondly loved, and compelled either to marry the Baron de St. Aubert, or disoblige all her relations. In the retirement of the country she could not fly from herself; there were no public places open that she could resort to for the purpose of dissipating her ideas; every hour she regretted the past, and was more averse to the future. Soon after this she was informed that Fitzosborn was married; in fact, he had been long the same as dead to her; she heard that his wife was amiable, and that he had every prospect of being happy; she fervently prayed that he might be so. She mourned his loss as a departed friend, but her heart could never form another attachment.

At this period she had a most melancholy letter from the Baron de St. Aubert; it was written in absolute despair, and contained the most soul-afflicting intelligence. The enormities committed by the friends of liberty became every

day more horrible. Madame de Lamballe was his near relation ; he was also partial to her for her charitable disposition, her graceful manner, and the numerous virtues which she possessed. Only the malicious and the envious could accuse her of failings, the shadow of which never passed her mind, but it was sufficient to be the favourite of a queen, to be pre-eminent for grace, talents, and beauty, to become the subject of secret malignity or open detraction ; for it is a rule always to abuse those whose merit is better rewarded than the defamers. St. Aubert considered Madame de Lamballe as a perfect character ; he knew that poverty and sorrow in her ever found a friend, that her benevolence even surpassed her beauty, and when he learned that this exalted woman, a pattern for her sex, had been rudely torn from the *Hotel de la force*, where she had been confined and treated with the greatest indignity and cruelty, to witness scenes too horrible

for fancy to dwell on, and after viewing the murderers pursuing their sanguinary desolations, and putting questions to her which she could not satisfy them by answering ; this so enraged the wretches that they stripped, insulted her, and put an end to her existence in a manner too dreadful to relate. The Baron de St. Aubert gave this account, and mentioned that his mother was anxious for him to leave France as soon as possible, and he trusted that Hubertine would, in the present crisis of affairs, see the propriety of acceding to his wishes, by permitting him to come immediately to England, and ratifying those engagements which would secure his happiness ; that his mother would follow as soon as she could settle her affairs, as he could not think of returning to France, till some change had taken place in the government of that distracted country.

Hubertine lost no time in assuring the Baron de St. Aubert that she should be

glad to see him, and would with pleasure comply with his wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Banter removed to their residence in Bath; and preparations were made for the nuptials of Hubertine. The Baron arrived, the day was fixed, and Miss Godefroï thought her fate was inevitable, when news reached them that Madame de St. Aubert was conveyed to prison, and the estate seized on in the name of the Republic; that the Prince of Conde was raising an army, and that all the nobility of distinction joined him. The Baron de St. Aubert was grieved at this intelligence; but he would not involve Hubertine in the misfortunes of his house. The marriage was postponed; and he hastened to join the Prince of Condé.

The parting from the Baron de St. Aubert was among the most painful sensations which Hubertine had ever experienced. She had brought herself to consider him as her husband, protector, and friend. His amiable qualifications

ensured him the esteem of every person ; his generosity and goodness to her knew no bounds : he was going to face rather a banditti than a foe ; he had lost his family estates, and, in being separated from her, his happiness. It appeared to her as if she was left alone in the world : she had no communication with her near relations : those with whom she was to reside were only cousins, and she perceived that her stay with them would no longer be pleasant than while she could contribute to their amusements, as the lady had been a spoiled child, and was also spoiled by her husband. She was capricious and overbearing, and depended on those about her for entertainment, as she had no resources in herself. Hubertine was extremely accomplished ; she had in the convent learned all sorts of fancy work, and the novelty of these trifles, for some time, amused her female relation, and she reigned as prime favourite : but Hubertine was considerably

younger than her cousin, and, being single, the men paid her more attention. The liberal education she had received, and the easy manners she had acquired in France, made her society to be courted by both sexes; and in a short time Mrs. Banter grew jealous of the attention which was paid to Miss Godfroï. Her behaviour became totally changed; she found fault with every thing which Hubertine did; and the latter perceived that it was impossible to give satisfaction. Her situation became insupportable, for she had no friend near to whom she could apply for advice.

What equal torment to the grief of mind,

And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,

That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,

And nourishes her own consuming smart?

What medicine can any leech's art

Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,

And will to none her malady impart?

SPENSER.

She occasionally heard from the Baron de St. Aubert; but he had no safe pro-

tection to offer her, for France continued a scene of blood and slaughter ; and he could not even mitigate his sufferings by hearing from her, as, should her letters be intercepted, his life would be the forfeit. Many of his relations had already died martyrs to their king and country, and she had every reason to dread that the same wretched fate awaited him. Hubertine's sister was in Holland ; for from the extravagance of both parties, Captain H. had been obliged to leave England, and he had the good fortune to be appointed to a lucrative post under government in that country. Hubertine determined to go to them, concluding that there she might have it in her power to gain some intelligence of the Baron de St. Aubert. Change of country would occupy her mind ; and she was strongly induced to leave her present abode, and get rid of the addresses of an old Irish nobleman, whom her relations thought would prove a desirable alliance, by ag-

grandizing the family. Hubertine was of a different opinion, for she had no wish ever to change her situation ; but if she did, she felt herself bound in honour to the Baron de St. Aubert: for although previously to his leaving her he had nobly and generously released her from all engagements, she determined to marry no other.

As soon as she made her intentions known of going to Holland, her relations expressed the greatest sorrow at parting from her ; for though her cousin had been such a spoiled daughter and wife, so that she preserved no command over a natural violent disposition, she possessed many amiable qualities : they separated on the most friendly terms ; and Hubertine was obliged to promise that she would only make a short residence in Holland, and return to them.

In the society of her sister and her accomplished daughters, Hubertine felt a serenity to which she had long been a



stranger ; and she resolved to make the Brill her home till the fate of France was decided, an event which was then thought at no great distance : but it seemed decreed by Providence that Hubertine should only experience disappointments on this side of the grave.

Six years had only elapsed since the Dutch had been in a state of insurrection ; in fact, it was still hidden, only under a veil of well-dissembled loyalty, waiting to shew itself when a convenient opportunity offered ; and the time appeared as if it was now arrived. The disasters of a recent campaign had created an abhorrence to the measures which the Stadtholder had pursued ; and on seeing the reinforcements now preparing to join the army, the disaffected Hollanders loudly vociferated—" See what brave fellows are compelled to march to the shambles !" This created in the soldiery a dispirited sort of alarm : they performed their preparations with visible reluctance and great delay :

they appeared disheartened, and looked upon their baggage waggon as if they were taking a survey of their hearses. The drums and fifes, which so wonderfully exhilarate the spirits on some occasions, now sounded in their ears a dead march. The Stadtholder was alarmed at this appearance in his troops; but complimenting them on their martial appearance, he rallied their spirits, and expressing the high sense he entertained of their renowned valour, told them that he considered them as the defenders of their country. His smiles and attention had the wished-for effect, and they departed with more cheerfulness than could have been expected. But if even a few thousands of the inhabitants heaved a sigh for loyalty, and prayed for a safe return of those brave troops, and that they might be crowned with laurels, greater numbers scrupled not openly to express their wishes that they might be vanquished.

The fury of party now reigned in Holland ; and even the love of gain gave way to this infatuation. The richest merchants espoused the cause of French liberty, although sensible that if the principles of equality were universally adopted, they must divide that wealth which they had accumulated by years of industry with the sons of freedom, for they, in fact, could not be gainers, but great losers.

The situation which Captain H. held in Holland made him very obnoxious to the Dutch ; and Hubertine saw that if very great changes did not soon take place on the continent, that her sister and herself must be compelled to return to England. This she extremely regretted, as she was with relations and friends whose pursuits were similar to her own. She was passionately fond of music : several emigrants were then at the Brill, who excelled in that delightful science, and they had frequent concerts and balls. A private theatre was attached to the

house ; and as Mrs. H. was highly accomplished, and possessed fascinating manners, she very often indulged her friends with theatrical amusements.

The country appeared to be the residence of peace and plenty : the well-cultivated grounds, the beautiful white cottages, and comfortable farm houses, were objects highly pleasing ; and the water excursions were delightful. Hubertine preferred the society of the French, as the Dutch parties were too formal to prove agreeable to her, and she had an invincible dislike to tobacco. The ceremony at these Dutch routs was insupportable : the custom of sitting with the feet on a box containing a stove, which is supplied with burning turf or live ashes, was intolerable ; and the gentlemen's spitting boxes were extremely disgusting. Fortunately these visits were not of long duration, as supper was never introduced : but when a supper was given, it always comprehended a card party,

with the enormous *et cetera* of tea, coffee, punch, cakes, &c. all of which were handed separately at least six or eight times to each person. These feasts generally begin about five in the afternoon, and end about one in the morning, the whole of which time is passed in smocking and gormandizing.

Captain H. in the course of a few months informed his family that it would be advisable to hold themselves in readiness to sail for England at a moment's notice, as the Dutch now openly favoured the French party, and the Prince of Orange was no longer in security at the Hague.

Of the Baron de St. Aubert, Hubertine could gain no intelligence: he had left the army of the Prince of Condé, and no one knew to what place he had gone. After eighteen months residence in Holland, Hubertine once more saw her native land. This was a subject of deep regret to her; every place she passed

bringing to her recollection past scenes, which induced her to compare her present unprotected state with her early prospects in life. She had materially injured her fortune; she had allowed her mother fifty pounds annually for many years: she had also assisted her relations, and she was aware that her present income would not maintain her in England in the manner she had been accustomed to appear. It was improbable she should ever again hear of the Baron de St. Aubert, as the reports which had reached her gave her every reason to suppose that he was dead. She had always been averse to marrying; and she now determined to sink the remainder of her fortune in an annuity on her life. This she soon accomplished, and got two hundred and eighty pounds per annum, leaving a few hundreds in the Bank, in case of sickness or any other contingency.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Banter heard that she was in Essex, she received a

pressing invitation to make their house her home ; she accepted the friendly offer, as she hoped her absence had proved to them that she had felt their former unkind treatment. In all the time which she had been in Holland she had never gained any intelligence of the Baron de St. Aubert, or his mother. She now constantly made inquiries about Charles Fitzosborn, and it gave her sincere satisfaction to hear that he was perfectly happy, and had a family of promising children, and that his father had given him an ample share in the business.

Hubertine was now miserable ; she passed her life in a round of dissipation ill suited to her disposition ; she was naturally extremely lively, but the disappointments she had met with in an early attachment, and the disagreeable situations in which all her nearest relations were placed by their extravagance, had given a pensive colour to her mind. Retirement, music, books, and a

few chosen friends, could alone prove agreeable companions to Hubertine ; assemblies, balls, and routs, had no longer any charms for her.

She had a friend for whom she felt a sisterly affection ; this friend was the wife of a gentleman who was secretary to a noble lord, who then commanded in the Mediterranean ; she was a beautiful woman, possessed agreeable manners, and resided in a village near Fareham in Hampshire. Hubertine had long promised to pass some months with her, and she now determined to fulfil her engagement. In the society of this lady time flew rapidly, and several naval gentlemen residing near, they had frequently parties on board ship. At a ball on board the Prince George, Hubertine attracted the notice of a Colonel of Royal Marines : he got introduced to her friends, and soon made her an offer of his hand, which she instantaneously rejected, and thought no more of this hero : some time after he wrote to her to renew his



addresses, when she answered him by candidly explaining her situation to him, and her determination of always remaining single. He was so disappointed in this application that he changed duty with a brother officer, and sailed with Admiral Christian for the West Indies ; but contrary winds and storms, such as the oldest persons had never before witnessed, compelled the Admiral three times to return, and the ship in which Colonel Mortimer sailed was ordered to join the Channel fleet. Hubertine had for some time left Hampshire and returned to Bath, but experiencing some neglect from Mrs. Banter, she determined to have a home of her own : her limited income it was true would not enable her to procure those luxuries to which she had ever been accustomed, but in the country she could live respectably, and she decided upon having a small house in the neighbourhood of Titchfield ; when she heard that Colonel Mortimer was returned to Eng-

land. The Colonel appeared to her to be a sensible man; his manners were those of a polished gentleman, and he was considerably older than herself, which was an additional recommendation to Hubertine, and at this moment, when she felt piqued at the treatment of her relation, she renewed her correspondence with the Colonel, and appointed a day when she would meet him at her friend's house in Hampshire. They met, and she consented to be his wife. He had only his pay to offer, but with her annuity, both together would be sufficient to procure the necessaries of life. One part of the agreement was that she should always reside in the same village with her friend; but when the deed was done, to describe Hubertine's agony of mind would be totally impossible. When she reflected coolly, and compared Colonel Mortimer either with Charles Fitzosborn or the elegant Baron de St. Aubert, he lost considerably in her estimation. Her friends

were all astonished ; they advised, they entreated her to cancel an engagement which they feared could only be productive of misery, as they had been told that the Colonel possessed a violent temper :—but the die was cast. Hubertine had pledged her honour, and, in her state of mind, she felt indifferent to what might prove her future lot.

Hubertine now found that to be constantly in the Colonel's company had become distressing to her, and she determined to go to some friends she had in Essex, and remain with them till the awful day arrived when she was to vow obedience to her future husband. In this absence she thought she should gain sufficient strength of mind to meet her fate with resignation, for in her union with the Colonel she did not expect romantic happiness ; she only wished to find in him a protector, an agreeable companion, and a sincere friend.

The family with whom Hubertine was

going to stay consisted of a widow and two daughters, the youngest of whom was married to a Major in the army, but still resided with her mother. By marriage they were connected with Miss Godefroi's family ; they possessed a hospitable disposition, and every social virtue, and were that description of persons who could emblazon a court, or render a clay-built hut enviable :

“ They were fitted

“ Or in courts to shine

“ With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,

“ With innocence and meditation join'd

“ In soft assemblage !”

These ladies were blessed with a warmth of heart which extended their benevolence to every individual in distress ; and in this house of peace and quiet Hubertine's expectations were answered. She reflected on the misfortunes of her past life ; she considered her present situation, and examined her own heart : the result

of this inquiry was, that, as a reasonable being, she might end her days comfortably with Colonel Mortimer. His letters were extremely interesting, and written in a superior style ; and she had reason to conclude that he would be an entertaining companion.

Thus did Hubertine reconcile herself to her approaching marriage, which she requested might be as private as possible : only the friends with whom she then was attended her to the altar, and the respectable Mr. Darby O'Grady gave her away. Her grief and agitation were such, during the ceremony, that the clergyman felt a reluctance in proceeding, and she was fearful that it would be impossible for her to remain in the church till the service was concluded. The party returned to an elegant breakfast, which was prepared at her friend's house, after which the bride and bridegroom proceeded to London. Their stay in the metropolis was short, as Colonel Mortimer had taken

a house in Titchfield, which was ready for their reception. Mrs. Mortimer was received by her friends in Hampshire with great kindness, and she began to be reconciled to her new situation ; but this feeling was only of short duration, as in the course of six weeks she perceived a visible alteration in her husband. He became absent, thoughtful, and so irritable, that it was impossible to please him ; and he frequently quitted home for several days together. Hubertine took no notice of this ; she never made any inquiries where he had been, and always received him with cheerfulness, but on his return one evening he accused her of want of feeling, in never having asked the cause which had produced such a change in his behaviour. He informed her, that however small the degree of affection she might have for him, yet in the present instance her own welfare was materially concerned ; that it was most painful to him to be obliged to disclose his real situ-

ation ; but as he had reason to expect that she would resent his having imposed on her, he trusted that she would believe him, when he assured her that he had expected to receive some prize-money that was due to him from the capture of Toulon, which would have enabled him to discharge a few debts, which had now placed him in an awkward predicament ; he had also to inform her that he had two sons, the eldest fifteen, the youngest twelve years of age ; that they were then at school at the Whalebone Academy, and that he had at that moment intelligence that if their school-bill was not paid they would be sent home, and legal measures taken to recover the debt due for their board and education.

Mrs. Mortimer was petrified at this information ; it terminated by his pointing out, that the only way to save his credit and commission was for Hubertine to consent to have her annuity sold, as he confessed that he had raised money

on his pay, for which he had insured his life ; and agreed to pay the interest, and part of the principal annually, which reduced his pay to sixty pounds a year. Mrs. Mortimer had no alternative, and her annuity was parted with. Her husband disposed of the money as he thought proper, and soon after he was ordered to sea. In the first letter she received from him he requested that she would have his sons home, as keeping them at school was attended with an enormous expence ; and that she was perfectly qualified to instruct them in English, French, drawing, and geography, and that as soon as he returned he would think of placing them either in the army or navy. Mrs. Mortimer did not feel herself equal to educate two boys of such an age, but she was fearful of offending the Colonel, therefore she applied to her relations for their advice, being determined to abide by their opinion. They objected to her having the children home, unless the



Colonel chose to instruct them himself; and they desired that she would immediately come to them, to prevent their being sent to her in the absence of her husband. She gladly accepted of the invitation, and the Colonel finding that she was averse to having any thing to do with the boys, removed them to a finishing school in Islington. Indisposition obliged him to return home sooner than was intended, for the gout, from which he was a great sufferer, had attacked his stomach with such dangerous symptoms, that his life was in imminent danger. Mrs. Mortimer also expected to encrease her family, and in this situation, orders arrived for his immediately joining his division at Chatham. This was a heart-breaking circumstance to Hubertine—she must part from her house and furniture, and in all likelihood never return to reside with those friends whose society constituted her only comfort. The Colonel's circumstances had become much embarrassed,

and Hubertine was going to a strange place, knowing no person near, and in a situation which required the greatest care and kindness. The idea of going into barracks was most repugnant to her sense of delicacy and propriety, and her husband was of the same opinion; he made every exertion to obtain a house; but Chatham was then full of naval and military officers, and it was some time before he could procure a residence at a moderate rent. About this time she also had the affliction of losing her youngest brother, to whom she was sincerely attached; he was a captain in the army, with every prospect of rising rapidly, but the yellow fever terminated his existence in the prime of life. He had not been long married to the sister of a baronet, who was an admiral, serving at that period in the West Indies, and when his wife learnt the fatal news of his death, it affected her intellects, and she never recovered her reason.

A few weeks after Colonel Mortimer

became settled in his house in Troy Town-his family was augmented by a son, and Hubertine had scarcely left her room, after her confinement, before the Colonel was ordered to Ipswich, on the recruiting service. He had a long sea credit, and it was concluded that he would be continued in Suffolk for two or three years. Previously to his departure he sent both his natural sons to sea, and as out of their limited income it was impossible to support two establishments, it was determined, that as soon as Mrs. Mortimer could bear the journey, she should let their house furnished, and join the Colonel. Unluckily, the wife of the General who then commanded the Royal Marines at Chatham was a woman of very low extraction, and as Colonel Mortimer possessed great wit, and disliked vulgarity, he had incurred her displeasure, and, as is always the case in such connections, the lady had her husband under excellent command, and was in fact com-

manding officer; therefore, at the end of a month, the Colonel was ordered to join quarters, and a few days after sent with a recruiting party to Scotland. This expence greatly increased his pecuniary difficulties, and obliged him to dispose of his furniture and house in Troy Town. Mrs. Mortimer was left to conduct this business, but before it was accomplished she had a letter from the Colonel's servant, to beg that she would immediately join his master, as he had a return of the gout in his stomach, and the faculty thought he could not long survive. In consequence of this information, she expedited the sale; but was compelled to wait till that was finished for having a supply of money to defray the expence of her journey.

Although Mrs. Mortimer saw to every thing herself, and was to appearance composed, she very severely felt her hapless lot; and the consequence was, that the child, whom she then nursed, became

so extremely ill, that the physician assured her if she attempted to proceed to Scotland by land, that his life would be the forfeit. It was in the month of December, during the time of a deep snow and piercing frost, that she took her passage in a Leith packet, and after suffering extreme cold, and all the disagreeable circumstances to which she must be exposed in such a vessel, besides being chased by a French privateer, she reached Edinburgh at the expiration of twelve days, and had the pleasure to find Colonel Mortimer in a convalescent state. Her own family had given her letters of introduction to some of the principal persons in Glasgow, from whom she received every possible attention. Happiness, however, she was never to know in this world: her husband sincerely loved her; he was proud of her accomplishments, but his temper was such, that it was impossible to give him satisfaction, for what would please him one

day, would provoke his anger another. Frequently when she had engaged herself to go to a rout, or an assembly, after she was dressed for the occasion, he would insist upon her not going, alleging that the expence of such parties did not suit his finances. A few hours after he would find fault with her for not having gone, saying that he only meant for the future she should decline such invitations, and when she did refuse, he would make her go ; as it was proper, however distressed their situation, that they should keep up an appearance equal to their rank.

They only remained one year in North Britain, and as soon as they returned to Rochester, the Colonel was appointed to a guard-ship at the Nore. Mrs. Mortimer had now two children, and she was compelled to forego, not only the comforts, but the necessities of life, to keep up that respect in the corps which was absolutely necessary for her husband's respectability. She parted with great part

of her wardrobe, which, when she married, was of considerable value; and if it had not been for the sake of her children, she would have sunk under the miserable circumstances in which she now found herself. The Colonel's health was so bad that he was frequently at home during the time he belonged to the guard-ship. When he was ill Mrs. Mortimer never left him, and sometimes for six weeks together, in the most severe weather, she has sat in his bed-room without fire, as he conceived it affected his respiration. A civil reply was seldom given to anything she said, and in short she was a perfect slave to his caprice; even not having the indulgences of a common servant. When she could no longer conceal her misery, he was like a distracted person, asked pardon, promised more kindness in future, imputed his behaviour to jealousy, as he was sure she preferred the Baron de St. Aubert, or Charles Fitzosborn to him: regretted that she had

been educated with such high notions, as they made her unfit to encounter the difficulties attendant on a soldier's life.

One day a demand was made on him for payment of a note of hand, which had entirely escaped his recollection. He came to Hubertine in the greatest agitation, declaring that if ever he was arrested he would shoot himself, and shewing his pistols, said he always kept them loaded for that purpose. He hinted that he knew Hubertine had some trinkets which were valuable; they had been given her by the Baron de St. Aubert; excepting a ring, set with small brilliants, in which was Fitzosborn's hair. In resigning this, she felt as if she were separating from all that her heart held most dear. The Colonel then requested that she would take them, with some of the plate, to a person in London, to whom he would give her a letter, and that they would advance money on the articles. She accordingly went to a Mr. Parker, in



Princes Street, Leicester Square, and obtained the sum requested, but the articles were never redeemed.

Peace now took place, and Colonel Mortimer was made a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Marines, for hitherto he had only had brevet rank; this increased his pay, and Hubertine hoped they should now experience more comfort. Her relations had several times assisted her in pecuniary concerns, or she would have been in a deplorable situation. She also received intelligence of the death of her uncle, the Baron d'Arrambert; and that his will had been made in her favour, but the presence of either herself or husband was necessary immediately in Brussels. Mrs. Mortimer had now three children, and since her last confinement her health had been extremely delicate; she felt herself totally unequal to such a journey, but the Colonel was of a different opinion. He did not like trouble of any description, and she being perfect mistress of the French and

Flemish languages, he fixed a day for her departure. She did all in her power to avoid this journey, for she had a few months before received a letter from the Baron de St. Aubert, expressing his astonishment at never hearing from her, as he had written repeatedly. He had left the Prince of Condé's army several years, had returned to France in disguise, and remained concealed till the peace. He had recovered his property; and his mother was preparing every thing for Hubertine's reception, as she trusted she should now see her son happy. Mrs. Mortimer enclosed this letter to her old friend, and requested Mrs. Grant to give a circumstantial account of her situation. It may naturally be supposed that after such intelligence she could not wish to go to France; but she made it an invariable rule never to oppose the Colonel's wishes, for she had determined religiously to perform those duties which she had vowed at the altar, that hereafter she

might never have to reflect upon herself for her past conduct. At the appointed time she attempted to go to France, but from great indisposition and anxiety of mind, when she arrived at the coach office at Rochester, she was seized with fainting fits; a surgeon was sent for, and she was conveyed home without any symptoms of ever recovering. An express was sent for Colonel Mortimer, who then commanded at Woolwich: he was much afflicted to find her in such a situation, and remained at home till she was pronounced out of danger.

He implored her, as soon as she was able, to go to Brussels, as he wanted two hundred and fifty pounds immediately: this she painfully promised; and at the end of three weeks once more set off for the Low Countries. The Colonel gave her six guineas to defray the expences of her journey; but as contrary winds detained her for five days at Dover, after paying the captain of the packet, she had only

five shillings left. She landed at Bologne, and fortunately a Monsieur Audibert resided there, to whom she was known; she explained her situation to him, and he advanced her money to proceed to Flanders.

## CHAP. IV.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heart-felt joys:

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleas'd with favours given ;  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells of heaven.

COTTON.

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It was on Mrs. Mortimer's return from the Low Countries that she was introduced to Sir Timothy Flight. How different was her reception at home to what she had experienced in France.

Colonel Mortimer was glad to see her, because she was necessary to regulate his house concerns, and his bad health required constant attendance; but Hubertine was really shocked at seeing the great alteration which had taken place in his appearance since she parted from him. He informed her that he had been very ill, and he could not help suspecting that he had experienced a paralytic affection, which had affected one of his feet. He expressed great displeasure at her having brought over only four hundred pounds, as he expected and required a much larger supply; and she had great difficulty in convincing him that to procure that sum it had nearly cost her double, as the legacy left her by her uncle would not become due for sometime, and that it would not be paid till the expiration of the year. She was consequently obliged to raise the money which she now presented to him, as the Baron d'Arrambert's affairs were in a very deranged

state ; and as it had not been ascertained what would prove to be the amount of his property, what her share might be was extremely uncertain.

This sum came very opportunely to the colonel, as it extricated him from the most pressing of his difficulties ; added to which, Mrs. Mortimer had a considerable quantity of her aunt's wardrobes. The laces were very valuable, and she cleared by the disposal of them nearly three hundred pounds. Hubertine was very anxious that all the property she had become entitled to by her uncle's death should be settled on her children ; but she was disappointed in this, as she had ever been in any wishes she had formed.

The journey abroad had not added to her domestic felicity ; she had met with such a warm and affectionate reception, and such kindness from her friends on the Continent, that the cold meeting which she received from her husband, his au-

stere manners, and constant ill-humour, caused her to lament that she had ever united her fate with his. His health continued extremely bad, which increased his natural peevish disposition, and made it require all the fortitude which she could muster to perform her duties with any degree of cheerfulness.

She only returned from France in February, and war was again expected in the month of April. Colonel Mortimer expressed his fears, that if, during the peace, he did not secure his wife's property in Flanders, he should never get possession of it, and he again proposed that she should go to Brussels. This she made strong objections to, as her uncle had not yet been dead more than nine months, and her legacy therefore could not be paid; even if it was, most probably the property could not be disposed of without considerable loss. She also hoped, by its remaining abroad, to secure it to her children; but all she



could advance on this subject was of no avail. He insisted on her going and disposing of her share of the Baron's property immediately ; but she had suffered such insults in travelling in the public diligences without a companion or servant in her former expedition, that she resolved, let the consequences prove ever so fatal to her, not to undertake such a journey a second time without a female attendant. At length the Colonel consented to her being accompanied by the widow of a clergyman ; and as she paid half her own expences, it did not cost him more than if he had sent a servant with his wife.

The ladies reached Calais without any accident, and Hubertine once more had the pleasure of finding her beloved nuns all well. She only staid a few hours with them, as in the present crisis of political affairs she thought it prudent to pursue her journey immediately, and not run the risk of being detained in France,

which, to say the truth, would have been most agreeable to her feelings, if she had not had children who demanded her immediate care and attention.

When she arrived in Brussels, she found every thing in the same state as she left them at her departure from thence. Much of her uncle's property had not yet been discovered: they had found some money buried in his garden, and a small quantity of plate; and they had reason to suppose that the earth concealed much more. Great objections were adduced respecting selling the estates, as money was at that time very scarce, and the country still felt the disastrous effects of the war, under which they had recently smarted, and the people dreaded that they should soon be engaged in another; few persons were therefore anxious to purchase land, as they preferred keeping their money for fear of, or rather to be prepared for, the future.

By every post Mrs. Mortimer received

letters from the Colonel, urging her to dispose of her legacy at all events, as it was absolutely indispensable that he should have money. She consulted her relations abroad, candidly explaining to them her situation; and as they found that she could not return to England without money, they had proper deeds drawn, making over her share of the Baron d'Arrambert's property to a Monsieur de la Motte for five hundred pounds. The latter was a man of strict honour, and could be trusted; and a clause was inserted in the deed, by which, if the property sold for more than that sum, Hubertine was to have the half of such increase. The woods, which were valuable, and could not then be disposed of, were not included in this agreement.

Mrs. Mortimer staid about a fortnight in Flanders, as she thought it adviseable to pay some attention to her mother's relations: they were persons of rank and wealth; and she hoped, hereafter, that

they might be of service to her children, whom she was sensible she had materially injured, in complying with their father's wishes; but it would have been impossible for her to have lived with Colonel Mortimer, if she had not implicitly obeyed him.

Hubertine and her friend had proceeded to Brussels by land; but as the season of the year was now most inviting, they determined to return in the barges, by which means they should see more of the country. This conveyance was also much less fatiguing than the public carriages, which are very different from the comfortable stage-coaches in England. They met with a large family-party in the barge from Ghent, being not less than fifty persons, and containing six generations. They had come from Holland to attend the fair at Bruges, and it was a charming sight to see so many happy faces: the countenances of the old grandfather and grandmother bore testimony to

the merit of their children ; they seemed perfectly contented, and looked with delight at their numerous progeny. They told Mrs. Mortimer that every summer they treated their family with a jaunt ; that the young people had expressed a great desire to see the neighbouring country, and to give them pleasure they had undertaken the journey. The company was so numerous that it was difficult to find room for all the passengers at dinner, which was served in a very neat style on board the barge, to the great surprise of Hubertine's companion. They were so pleased with the family they had met with, that Mrs. Mortimer agreed to stay one day at Bruges. The fair fully answered their expectations : it was held in the town-house, which was crowded with genteel company, and the booths and shops were superbly furnished with articles of every description, which appeared to be extremely cheap. They dined with the Dutch family at a table

*d'hote*, not less than one hundred persons of all nations, trades, and occupations, sitting down to dinner. Three bands of music played during the repast: several children danced figure dances, and such a noise was never before heard, the various languages spoken giving an idea of the confusion of tongues at Babel. The ladies were soon tired, and they quitted, without regret, a scene, the novelty of which at first amused their attention, but which ended in such tumult and noise as completely disgusted them.

Mrs. Mortimer had determined to pass a week at Calais, and had anticipated with delight the prospect of being once more with her dear St. Victoire; but alas! a fatality continued to frustrate all her wishes; for unforeseen events prevented their arriving at Calais till the next evening. Being fatigued with their journey, they proposed retiring early to rest, and to defer seeing the nuns till the next day; but scarcely had they undressed

themselves, before they were roused by Monsieur du Crocq, to inform them that a courier had just arrived from Paris, and if they did not sail by the packet, which was then going, most probably they would be detained sometime in France, as orders were issued to forbid any communication with England till farther orders.

Hubertine felt this to be a very severe disappointment, but it was her duty to sacrifice her own pleasures to the welfare of her husband and children; and however reluctant she felt at leaving a place endeared to her by former happy scenes, she instantly held herself in readiness to depart. The packet, in consequence of its being the last to sail for England, was so crowded as scarcely to admit of standing room; but a gentleman seeing that Mrs. Mortimer appeared much indisposed, humanely insisted upon resigning his bed to her. As John Bull seldom lets any opportunity slip of taking

advantage of the times, the captain of the vessel demanded three guineas of each passenger, which they felt no reluctance in paying to escape from being placed in a French prison.

Luckily their passage proved a short one. Mrs. Mortimer and her friend only breakfasted at Dover, and surprised the Colonel by an unexpected return, as from his wife's letters he had no expectation of seeing her for some days.

No kind reception greeted Mrs. Mortimer on her arrival: he only appeared anxious to hear how she had disposed of her late uncle's property, and what sum she had brought over for him. He was extremely displeased to find that she had not either disposed of or raised money on her share in the woods; and this induced her still more to lament that she had not settled the whole of the legacy which the Baron d'Arrambert had bequeathed her on her children, as it was left entirely at her own disposal. If the Revolution



had not taken place, which had proved so detrimental to the interest of all those who held places under the monarchy, her fortune would have been very considerable: as it was, if Colonel Mortimer had not insisted on her disposing of her legacy, she would have received treble the sum she did, as she was allowed only a trifle for what was in the bank at Vienna.

For some months after Mrs. Mortimer's return home not any thing very particular happened. She increased her family by a fourth child, at which time Colonel Mortimer was confined with the gout; and before it was safe for Hubertine to leave her room, he entreated her attending to put on his flannels, to which she acceded; but the consequence was that she caught such a violent cold that for some days her life was in danger. When the Colonel found that he had occasioned her being in such an alarming situation, he was perfectly distracted:

he sent for Dr. V— to attend her, and would, at that moment, have sacrificed every thing for her recovery. Before she was well, her eldest daughter was seized with the scarlet fever; and to describe the deplorable state to which the child was reduced is scarcely possible. When she shewed symptoms of recovery she had every appearance of being an idiot; she was perfectly deaf, nearly dumb, and had entirely lost the use of her right side, and to add to Mrs. Mortimer's affliction, Dr. V— at this period informed her that she must prepare herself for a severer trial: as Colonel Mortimer had a large family, he considered it an indispensable duty in him to tell her, that if his worldly concerns were not settled, that no time should be lost in arranging them. He confessed that there was very little probability of either her husband or her child's recovery, as the Colonel's complaint was a dropsy in the

chest, which always terminates in sudden death.

The Colonel suspected what his complaint was, and was so afraid of dying that he would never let his wife be one moment out of his presence. In her weak state she had not only her own illness to contend with, but was obliged to attend on her husband and sick infant, and from their limited income, compelled to consider how she could lay out every penny to the greatest advantage. At length, finding she could not do justice both to her child and the Colonel, she placed her daughter under the care of an old servant who had lived many years with her. For ten nights Hubertine had never been in bed, or undressed, when a favourable change took place in the Colonel's disorder, and he was pronounced out of danger, which added greatly to the shock she received, when in taking a dish of tea out of her hand he fell back and expired.

130      BRIGHTON IN AN UPROAR.

How many fall as sudden, not as safe!  
 As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.  
 Of human ills the last extreme beware,  
 Beware, Lorenzo! a slow, sudden death.  
 How dreadful that deliberate surprise!  
 Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;  
 Next day, the fatal precedent will plead!  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life:  
 Procrastination is the thief of time;  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene!  
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

YOUNG.

Mrs. Mortimer lamented the death of the Colonel, as the father of her children, as his advice and interest would have been of great use to them. With respect to herself, she was released from a life of misery; and when she reflected on her own conduct, she could not accuse herself, in any one instance, of having given him offence. She had strictly performed the duties of a wife, and this he had always done her the justice to de-

clare, and had expressed that he was vexed that his own wayward disposition frequently caused him to treat her with a severity which she by no means merited. Since her marriage she had only known sorrow ; she had sacrificed her fortune, and devoted the whole of her time to contribute to his happiness, and she had in return only experienced unkindness and misery.

She was now left with four children, the eldest of whom was only five years of age, and the youngest but three months old, with no more than three pounds in the house, and her pension of fifty pounds per annum, to maintain herself and helpless infants ; and it would be some months even before it was paid. In this distressing situation she wrote to her late husband's agent, (who had been a brother officer) to request that he would permit her to draw on him for thirty pounds to defray some necessary expences respecting the funeral. The re-

ply was, that as Colonel Mortimer had died in his debt he could not comply with her wishes. This was an additional affliction ; but the humane and good Colonel T. of the Royal Marines came to her, with the General who commanded the Chatham division, and desired that she would make herself easy, as he would undertake to have a proper funeral for his late friend ; and as Dr. V. had informed him that the house was in an infectious state, that he should take the two boys with him, and in the evening send a chair for Mrs. Mortimer and her infant, as his relation, Mrs. Barnes, who resided in the Vines, at Rochester, would with pleasure accommodate her. Mrs. Barnes was an elderly lady of large fortune : her house was in an airy situation, and the benevolent owner was universally beloved and respected for her charity and generosity. Hubertine remained with this lady for three weeks, as her house was obliged to undergo a

complete painting, white-washing, and cleaning, before it was safe for either herself or children to return. Her old friend Mrs. Grant came to her, and they looked into all the Colonel's papers. She found a will executed at sea, leaving her sole executrix; and she also met with some memorandums, indicating that he had, out of the last remittances from Brussels, cancelled the greater part of the money for which his life was insured, and that the policies of those insurances were in his agent's hands, and amounted to upwards of £300. Mrs. Mortimer wrote to the gentleman, expressing her surprise that he could refuse to advance thirty pounds when he had security in his hands to such an amount, especially when he knew she wanted the money to bury his late friend. In answer to this, he informed her that one of the policies was lost, therefore it was uncertain whether she could ever re-

cover the money ; but as Mrs. Mortimer was not such a novice in money concerns as to be satisfied with this reply, she consulted a professional gentleman of eminence on the subject, who informed her that as there was a proof that the agent had received the policies of insurance, they must be produced by him. Several letters passed on the occasion, and it was nine months from the death of her husband before she received the money, as she was sometimes put off by being informed that the agent had the gout, and could not attend to business : then he was gone to Richmond for change of air ; and at last she was obliged to employ a gentleman to settle the business for her.

Mrs. Mortimer's little girl continued in the most deplorable way, so that she required constant care and attendance, which increased her expences in such a manner that she could very ill afford.



Hubertine was now called on to make considerable exertions to enable her to educate her children and provide for them: she prudently considered, that

- “ The wise and active conquer difficulties
- “ By daring to attempt them, Sloth and folly
- “ Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
- “ And make the impossibility they fear.”

Mrs. Mortimer advertised for two or three ladies to board with her: she succeeded in procuring one; and the aunt of one of the officers belonging to the corps in which her husband had served also came to reside with her. Mrs. Forth was a lady of great accomplishments, and most pleasing manners: her behaviour to Hubertine and her children was such as rendered her an invaluable friend, and meeting with such an inmate was a great blessing to Mrs. Mortimer in her present distressed situation. When her family was settled, she considered how she

could turn to her children's advantage the trifling accomplishments she possessed. Drawing had always been a favourite occupation with her ; and she was advised to publish a botanical work by subscription. She was averse to this, as she knew her abilities were not equal to such a task ; but as it was expected of her, she immediately set about it, trusting that a generous public would make allowances when they considered the motive which induced her to intrude such a publication on them. Another strong inducement to publish by subscription was, the ardent desire which she had to liquidate her late husband's debts ; and in this she succeeded, as from her exertions she paid them all within two years, amounting to the sum of four hundred and eighty pounds.

Within a year after the Colonel's death Mrs. Mortimer was agreeably surprised at receiving the following letter from Sir Timothy Flight.

Madam,

You may recollect my having had the pleasure of accompanying you from Dover to Rochester. When last in town, I heard, from your cousin d'Orville, of the misfortune which you had experienced. It was my wish to serve you, and I succeeded in obtaining two subscriptions, one from Mrs. D. wife of the Bishop of D—, and one from the Bishop of B—. But when I sent the names to the bookseller, he refused to take them, unless the persons came themselves, and gave their money. Allow me to say, this strikes me as a bad plan, and if I may take a further liberty, would it not be adviseable, if the raising a sum be an object, to publish a small cheap epitome of your work without plates, which would satisfy those subscribers who wished to serve you, without having so handsome an equivalent for their subscription as your present

work, which might be an inducement to persons unacquainted with you to subscribe. I hope that you will not think my advice indelicate, nor my begging you to address a few lines to me, South-street, Grosvenor-square, where I shall be on Tuesday, mentioning the circumstances in which you are placed, which may be the means of my further serving you. When your children are of an age to be placed at school, it would give me pleasure to assist them, if you wish to send a boy to Eton through me, if it should be in my power.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Wallington, October 25th, 1805,

This was a most unexpected offer; and Mrs Mortimer gave such a reply as induced Sir Timothy to make a minute inquiry, by return of post, into the state of her finances.

South-street.

Madam,

I received your letter, and trust that you will forgive my troubling you again ; but may I ask, whether the £50. a year is all that you have to maintain yourself, and educate your children ? and whether your friends let you be without assistance in such a situation ? You will pardon the liberty I take, as any little service I can render you I shall be better enabled to do, by being accurately and fully acquainted with the circumstances in which you are placed.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P. S. Be good enough to direct forme at York.

On the receipt of this epistle Mrs. Mortimer referred Sir Timothy to Colonel B. of the Royal Marines, who was then on the recruiting service in London, for such particulars relating to her situ-

ation as might convince him that herself and children were objects of compassion.. He had some conversation with Colonel B— on the subject, and Sir Timothy settled with the Colonel the manner in which he could best serve Mrs. Mortimer and her family. Every person who has experienced reverse of fortune, or who can feel the anxiety of a parent for the welfare of her children, will form some idea of Mrs. Mortimer's delight at reading the following letter.

York, Nov. 4th.

Madam,

I trust you will forgive the liberty I have taken in inquiring into the state of your circumstances. My motive was not idle curiosity, and it must be a source of gratification to you, that the slight inquiry I have made has satisfied me that not only your misfortunes but your conduct entitles you to any slight assistance it may be in my power to offer you. With this impression, it affords me

the highest pleasure to assist you, in giving a fair trial of your boy's abilities.—I will undertake the expence of his education to qualify him for the church, and if, as I doubt not, he will turn out well, having some friends in the church, he may be enabled in a few years to provide a comfortable home for you, if you should then feel tired of your present situation, and disposed to retire to the tranquillity of a country life. You may remember, madam, when I had the pleasure of accompanying you from Dover, that I mention to you, from my habits not being expensive, that I had amply the means in offering, what might be squandered in idle superfluities, any trifling assistance to any persons, whose misfortunes and merit gave them a claim on my feelings, and you might perceive, though not of the finished manners of many young men. Scruple not then, to be under a trifling obligation to a person with whom you are so slightly acquainted; the ob-

ligation will be on me, if by your good care of him, your boy turns out what I fondly hope he may, a valuable member of a church which I revere and love.

Though it would be gratifying to me occasionally to see how your boy goes on, as the mention of my name might create reports disagreeable to you, if it be your wish, you may mention to me occasionally, by letter, an account of his progress, and I shall desire my bankers to accept any drafts you draw under another name. You will be good enough never to mention my name to any person living, as, though not of equal consequence to me as to yourself, it would hurt me to hear idle reports circulated; you will be good enough likewise to burn all my letters; this will preclude the possibility of my name ever being known, which the common disposition to represent circumstances, justifies me, if only for your sake, in my precaution to conceal. You will be good enough to draw on Devaynes,



Noble, and Co. No. 39, Pall Mall, in the name of Henry Norton, Esq. or if you prefer any other method it shall be adopted ; and let me beg of you, Madam, not to scruple to draw liberally for every necessary expence in your boy's education ; it is not such trifles as these ; it is idle equipage, dissipation, and the gaming table, which can alone make me feel, whether I have expended my income, which I assure you is sufficiently ample, were the object twenty fold greater.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

The concealment of Sir Timothy Flight's bounty Mrs. Mortimer objected to extremely, as she thought, if any accident should reveal it hereafter, it was much more likely to create suspicion, than if it was at once made public that he educated her son ; as it was not an extraordinary circumstance that a gentleman

of his large fortune should assist an officer's widow, left with four infants in great indigence, especially as his amiable disposition and charitable character were universally known. She consulted her friends, and determined to regulate her reply by what they might consider to be right, and they coincided in the present instance with her ideas of propriety; upon which, Mrs. Mortimer expressed her thanks to Sir Timothy for his benevolent offer, and informed him, that if any secrecy was required, she must be obliged to decline it, for reasons which are given above. This produced the following kind answer.

Nov. 22nd.

Madam,

As my only wish respecting your son is that he should have in every respect a proper and liberal education, to qualify him for the respectable profession for which you intend him, you will be the best judge of the situation most pro-

per and agreeable to yourself. Had you not known a good school, I had thought of recommending Mr. Johns' school at Kensington; but the education there is not so immediately to the object of preparing boys for Eton, and therefore Mr. Birch's school (which I hope is the very best school in your neighbourhood) will be the best, and you will have the satisfaction of having him near to you.

It is not my wish to place you in a disagreeable situation by the concealment of my name; which I shall only merely beg you not to mention unnecessarily. Were you to publish an epitome of your botanical work, on the plan I took the liberty of suggesting, it might, I should hope, preclude the necessity of your naming me, which it appears to me advisable, if possible to avoid.

I trust that you will not oblige me to repeat my request, that you will draw liberally for every requisite expence: in the article of food, may I beg that he

may be allowed (if it be not the diet of the school) a liberal quantity of tea and porter, or two or three glasses of wine every day; it cannot be expected that a growing child can apply much, unless he has a proper quantity of plain wholesome food; such innocent refreshment as that I have mentioned to his delicate spirits, and which is very different from pampering a child with trash. I take the liberty of suggesting these things, of which you will be the best judge, as I remember the effects on my health and spirits, by having been stinted when young.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer had mentioned the school of the Rev. Mr. Birch in Rochester, as it was not an expensive one, and the child would have been immediately under her own inspection; but when Sir

Timothy mentioned the Rev. Mr. Johns' school, she was extremely pleased that he took such an interest in her boy's welfare, as it was the best private school in England, consequently she lost no time in assuring Sir Timothy that she would accede to his wishes. The following is his answer.

York, 5. —

Madam,

It strikes me as more desirable, in every point of view, that your boy should be at Mr. Birch's school; he will then be under your eye, and Mr. Johns' school is not a preparatory school for Eton. If you think, or can learn on inquiry, that Mr. Johns' school is better than Mr. Birch's, it will be sufficient to say, I took the liberty of recommending the school. But I remember the disadvantage, when I went to Eton, of not having been prepared for it. As you think your son's health does not require wine, allow me at least to beg you will

desire that he may have a proper quantity of plain wholesome food; particularly of tea. I have known the bad effects of not having proper food at school, where the slops given to growing boys are scarce fit for pigs. Persons have fancies about tea; in fact, if made of sufficient strength, and taken cold, it is as strengthening as bark, and much lighter; it is drinking it hot, and weak, and making it too sweet, that affects the stomach and nerves; and I consider it an absolute necessary for a studious person. Though not so fattening as milk, which is sometimes given to boys, it is much more strengthening, more warming, and yet more refreshing. It is impossible that a boy who feeds on heavy food, fit for a labourer's child, can be expected to apply with advantage or pleasure to study. You will have the goodness not to quote me as having made this dissertation, but it must certainly be your wish, that in so

trifling a circumstance as diet, your son should have every advantage.

The plan I took the liberty of recommending, relative to your work, was to publish a small epitome, that the subscribers might have their choice: you have shewn your liberality in publishing it on its present scale, and the bookseller might inform the subscribers that the epitome was published, by the recommendation of your friends, for those who did not wish to have the large work.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P. S. Should you ever find yourself in any immediate pecuniary embarrassment, you will I hope draw on my bankers.

On the receipt of this letter Mrs. Mortimer consulted several gentlemen, who all advised her to place her son at

the school recommended by Sir Timothy, as being a far superior seminary to the one which she had in view, and that he would there make such connections, as might be of great service to him through life. In consequence of this arrangement, Colonel B. waited on the Rev. Mr. Johns, informing him, that at the desire of Sir Timothy Flight, Master Lutterel Mortimer was to be placed under his care, and it was wished that his education should qualify him for the church. Mrs. Mortimer went to Kensington with her son, and was much pleased with the healthy situation of the school; she was delighted with the manners of Mr. Johns, his wife, and sister, and was convinced that her boy must be happy under the inspection of persons of their amiable deportment. On her return to Kent she informed Sir Timothy that her child was at school, and he gave an immediate reply to the information.



South-street, 16. —

Madam,

Having been sent for to town on a melancholy occasion, I omitted answering your last letter from Sutton.

It gives me pleasure to hear that you have fixed on Mr. Johns' school. I beg he may learn any thing you wish. My bankers will acknowledge your drafts.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

A few days after Mrs. Mortimer had another letter from Sir Timothy, dated from Lincoln.

Madam,

When in town on a late melancholy occasion, I fully expected to have seen your son: he is, I trust, at present, settled at Mr. Johns'. Let me beg you, Madam, to desire that he may be allowed tea for breakfast; and if he have milk, let it be for supper, and as much plain

food, as bread and butter, plain meat, and plain fruit-tarts, as he likes; if it be your wish, good beer, for the beer he will be allowed is probably wretched. These things appear trifling; but having known the misery of being stinted at school (which you will be good enough not to repeat), it is my wish that he should not only have plenty of wholesome food, but by having his tender spirits nourished, at least, by so innocent a refreshment as tea, which I wish him to have of pale black, at least eight or ten shillings a pound, to be moderately sweetened with the best double-refined sugar, which is cheaper, as well as more wholesome than the coarse; and that you would speak to Mr. Johns, to see himself that it be not changed for inferior sorts, (he might breakfast with Mrs. Johns) that he may take pleasure in his studies. Children, by being fed worse than our calves and pigs, are made to hate school, which they should like as their home.

By a little slight encouragement on your part, remember, Madam, it is possible for him, in this glorious country, to raise himself to the summit of his profession: the necessary foundation is, that he be well grounded by you in good religious principles, not in the austerity of a Methodist, but the pleasant gentlemanly faith of Christianity, whose yoke is easy, and whose ways are pleasantness and peace.

Our Saviour's blessing was on the widow's mite; and what offering can we suppose more grateful to heaven than your instructing your child in these days in good principles; encouraging him to store his mind to qualify himself to serve his Creator, in rendering himself a distinguished member of the most distinguished and liberal of professions—the church?

As in the Arabian Nights the piece of lead proved the best gift, your son may hereafter find that the piece of lead

it has been in my power to offer him, in his education, may prove the best act of kindness I could shew him; and you would feel pleasure if you could do the same by your daughters from the fruit of your own exertions. In that point of view you will forgive me for saying, it would be mistaken delicacy, in my idea, not to publish a plain shilling or half-crown epitome of your work: you have shewn your liberality, by proposing to publish your work on its present scale. The bookseller need not solicit, but only mention the fact; it would still be optional to the subscribers. I cannot conclude without explaining a trifling circumstance, which perhaps made you, at the moment, consider me in an unfavourable light. I mentioned on the road from Dover, talking of the eccentricity and perfect innocence of mind of a drawing-master, who taught my sister, that when drawing a figure, she had made the outline incorrect, he said, Miss, your thigh is too

fleshy. It would have been as well not to have mentioned such an anecdote, however simple, but it struck me you misunderstood me, and were it not explained, must have considered me deficient in the common manners and ideas of a gentleman. You will be good enough to burn this letter, and not to mention, excepting as coming from yourself, my ideas about your son's diet. I am ever ready to encounter ridicule, if necessary; but it is idle, wantonly, to expose ourselves to a keen wind.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer inquired of some young gentlemen who had been educated at Mr. Johns' school, respecting the diet, and from their account she found it would be useless to request any other attention paid to her boy's food than what was customary in the seminary, as they had

ample provision, and of the best kind ; and the countenances of the children must convince every parent that their health was carefully attended to ; consequently she did not permit her son to have any of those indulgences which Sir Timothy had so liberally offered. Indeed, it would be difficult to speak in too high terms of the school ; and it was a subject of deep regret to Mrs. Mortimer, that she could not afford to place her other boy there.

It may be concluded that Mrs. Mortimer felt the most unbounded gratitude for Sir Timothy Flight : she looked up to him as a superior being ; and her children, as soon as they could lisp, were taught to pray for him as the benefactor of the orphans.

The school-bills were regularly paid. Sir Timothy had taken Lutterel Mortimer home to his house at the Midsummer vacation, and the child was treated with the greatest kindness and attention. Harriet Mortimer continued so bad, that it

was doubtful whether the child could survive many weeks. Sir Timothy heard of this, and addressed Mrs. Mortimer, as follows :

York.

Madam,

Let me entreat you to have the very best advice for your dear daughter, and let me insist on your giving your girls the very best education. It will not ruin me, depend on it. Heaven bless your dear child, and may your boy prove a consolation to you, which may you never need. Believe me,

Your's, very truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

## CHAP. V.

“ Alas ! how is it with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience, whereon to look.”

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WHEN Lutterel Mortimer's second school-bill was presented for payment at Messrs. Devaynes, Noble, and Co. the bankers refused to honour it. Mr. Johns informed Mrs. Mortimer of this disagreeable circumstance, upon which she wrote to the bankers for some information on the subject, when she received the following letter from Sir Timothy Flight's solicitor.



Lincoln's Inn.

Madam,

If you will let your draft for twenty-five pounds be again presented to Sir Timothy Flight's bankers, it will be paid; but I am desired to say, that no farther drafts will be attended to.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE EQUITY.

Mrs. Mortimer could not conceive from what cause Sir Timothy Flight had withdrawn his voluntary bounty: she was perfectly miserable, as she concluded that either she had offended him, or that he had received some unfavourable impression of herself, or child. She therefore immediately wrote to Mr. Equity, entreating him to inform her by whose authority he was directed to forbid her drawing on Messrs. Devaynes and Co. in future, for her son's education; to which he gave her this reply:

Lincoln's Inn.

Madam,

Mr. Flight, the brother of Sir Timothy Flight, is now in town, in South-street, Grosvenor-square; if you will have the goodness to explain to him your expectations, he will answer you.

I remain, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE EQUITY.

This letter did not clear up the mystery; and as Colonel B. had transacted every thing respecting Mrs. Mortimer's son being educated by Sir Timothy, she requested that he would see Mr. Flight, and gain the necessary information from him, relating to the correspondence which she had had with Mr. Equity. Soon after this, Colonel B. wrote to her.

19, Piccadilly.

Dear Madam,

Mr. Flight has just called upon me, and has made a confidential commu-

nication respecting the situation of his brother, and upon which he requests you will preserve an inviolable secrecy. The unfortunate circumstance is, that Sir Timothy has become so much deranged, that the family have been under the necessity of placing him under the care of proper people; and he unluckily never made any mention to them respecting his placing your son at school, or his future views for his welfare. Mr. Flight has however desired me to say that he has consulted with his uncle the Bishop of ———, and that Lutterel is to be continued at school for the present, though they cannot pledge themselves as to providing for him in future; but the hope is, that a few months proper care and attention may restore his brother, and then every thing he promised will certainly be done. He requests to hear from you the terms of the school, which I could not exactly recollect, also what has been paid, and what may now be due to Mr. Johns.

Trusting that every thing respecting Lutterel will go on agreeably to the utmost wishes you could have formed,

I am, dear Madam,

Your's, very truly,

JAMES B——.

This account of Sir Timothy Flight was a great affliction to Mrs. Mortimer. That so good a man should be so heavily afflicted was a public calamity, for he was the widow's friend, a father to the orphan, and his hand was ever extended to the repentant sinner.

“ O, what a noble mind was here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldiers, scholar's eye, tongue,  
sword:

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!”

Mrs. Mortimer sent the copies of all the letters she had ever received from Sir Timothy Flight to his brother; and when the next school-bill became due,

she informed Mr. Flight of the amount, who immediately gave her this reply, enclosing a draft for the sum :—

South Street.

Madam,

I have had the honour of receiving your letter, and I confidently trust that my brother will have it very soon in his own power to write to you himself, and to fulfil in his own person his intentions towards your son.

I have the honour to remain,

Madam,

Your obedient and humble servant,

WILLIAM FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer had a great weight taken from her heart, by having the eldest son educated for the church, as she hoped that his house hereafter would be an asylum for her two girls; the eldest of whom she thought would probably be a cripple. This child was an enormous expence to her, for she was obliged to pay

for her board near London, that she might be under the care of an eminent professional man, in the hope that by constant care and attention she would recover her hearing.

Two of her own male relations were extremely kind to her, and frequently assisted her. Her husband's family she knew very little of; she had only been introduced to his brother, who was a naval officer out of employment. He had married a very amiable woman, a lady of quality; her brother educated and supported both his children, and allowed also an annuity to his wife. Her family, on the first of her marriage, which was against their consent, would have got him some lucrative appointment in the West Indies, but he objected to the climate. This disoblged them; and as he was a gentleman of expensive habits, and his lady seldom resided with him, they gave up all communication with him, and when Colonel Mortimer died,

he was on the impress service in Ireland. Hubertine informed him of the melancholy loss which she had sustained, to which he gave an unfeeling reply; of this she took no notice, but, from time to time, informed him of his nephews and nieces, for she never forgot that he was brother to the father of her children, and ought to be acquainted with whatever concerned his relatives; but he never gave himself the trouble to answer her letters, or took the least notice of the children. The next letter which Mrs. Mortimer received from Mr. Flight gave her some hopes of Sir Timothy's speedy recovery.

Sunning Hill, Staines.

Madam,

Owing to my absence from home, I did not receive your letter until this morning: I have enclosed a draft on Messrs. Devaynes, for £ 37. 8s. 7d. dated August the 25th, to allow you time to inform me if the letter has reached

you : I am happy to acquaint you that my brother is daily growing better. I have the honour to remain,

Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM FLIGHT.

P. S. I will trouble you to direct for me at Sunning Hill, Staines.

Not long after this letter from Mr. Flight, she was informed that he was supposed to be in a decline, and was gone to Lisbon for the recovery of his health. Mrs. Mortimer had not the pleasure of knowing him, but report spoke loudly in his praise ; he was the counterpart of what Sir Timothy was when first introduced to her ; he possessed every virtue, and when the news arrived of his death, not only his relations, but all who knew him, sincerely lamented his loss. Lady Flight then wrote a polite note to Mrs. Mortimer, and till Sir Timothy recovered, paid Lutterel Mortimer's school-bills.



Mrs. Mortimer, some months after this period, came to fetch her little girl from Richmond, and hearing that Sir Timothy was recovered, called on him. He looked ill, but appeared perfectly recovered, which gave her great pleasure, as she felt a very sincere regard for him. After this, Mrs. Mortimer experienced great trouble; her invaluable friend, Mrs. Forth, died, and the other boarders who came to her, so far from making amends for such a loss, were old maids and discontented widows, whom it was impossible to please, as, although they had never been accustomed either to the elegancies, or even comforts of life, her table could never meet with their approbation.

To increase the unpleasantness of her situation, Harriet Mortimer had a complaint formed near the joint of her elbow, which was thought to be a white swelling, and in a few weeks became so bad, that amputation was recommended. Although Mrs. Mortimer had the advantage of

being in a town where she could have excellent medical assistance, she regretted that she was so situated, as to be incapable of applying to several surgeons for their opinion, before her child lost her right arm. She wrote this wish to an officer of the Royal Marines, who was then at Deal, and from whom she had received the greatest kindness and attention. He spoke to the surgeons of the naval hospital at that place, who most humanely offered, if Mrs. Mortimer would bring the child to them, and remain in the neighbourhood of the hospital, that they would constantly attend her gratis. This was too eligible an offer to be refused, but she could not accomplish this expence without selling all her furniture, which she did immediately. As soon as she heard from the surgeons, that they did not apprehend her child's complaint was a white swelling, and that amputation would not be necessary, she left three of her children, with a servant,

under the care of her friend, the marine officer at Deal, and took a lodging in Hatton Garden, that she might be near a person who taught the art of making camel's hair, fitch, and sable pencils ; for which she paid him twenty guineas. The usual time for learning this trade was twelve months; but as Mrs. Mortimer painted in oil and water colours, it was not so difficult for her to learn as a person who could not tell a good pencil from a bad one ; and as she devoted her whole time to it, she returned to her family at the end of six weeks. She got a considerable order from a fashionable house in the metropolis, and she used to work from six in the morning till twelve at night, and by sending a man to Margate, Dover, and the neighbouring towns, to dispose of the produce of her labour, she supported her children respectably. The marine officer, when on shore, boarded with her, as also did Mr. Stanton and his child.

Mrs. Mortimer now found, as her

family increased in size, that it was necessary she should do something more for their maintenance than taking boarders: the trade which she had adopted she could do in private, and her daughters hereafter do the same; as she wished, although she knew it to be a false pride, to keep up that rank in society in which she had lived from her birth.

As the winter came on, the sea air proved too piercing for Harriet Mortimer, and her mother thought that in London she could exert herself more for the advantage of her family, and with greater secrecy, than in a country town. Her friend the marine officer again stepped forward to assist her; he had two nieces, who wished for some improvement in the superficial parts of education; and their brother, who was in the law, had business in town, when it was decided that Mrs. Mortimer should take a house in an airy situation. As soon, therefore, as she was settled in a street near Caven-

dish-square, Mr. and the two Miss Lantons came to her. Here she began to experience some quiet : her child was nearly recovered. She let her first floor, and with what she received for the board of Mr. and Miss Lantons, painting glass vases, making pencils, &c. &c. she contrived to provide for her children, and was thankful that she had received such an education as could make her useful to her family, and grateful to those who had instructed her, as she perfectly agreed in opinion with Rowe, respecting the true end of education.

“ And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,

And wisdom early planted in thy soul,  
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions,  
To bind their rage and stay their headlong course,  
To bear with accidents, and every change  
Of various life; to struggle with adversity,  
To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,  
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,  
Shall bid their better days come forth at once,  
A long and shining train, till thou, well pleas'd,  
Shall bow, and bless thy fate, and say the Gods are  
just.

When she had been about six months in her new residence, she had a letter from the Reverend Doctor Johns, informing her that Messrs. Devaynes and Co. were no longer Sir Timothy Flight's bankers, and she was directed to apply to Mr. Abraham Modish, in the Temple, who would give her the necessary information respecting the change that had taken place. Mrs. Mortimer accordingly went, and was shewn through a suite of apartments, elegantly fitted up, apparently quite new, and very unlike the solicitor's rooms she had been accustomed to see, as the papers, books, &c. all appeared as if just arrived from the shop. At length she was introduced to a little Jew looking fellow, as Mr. Alexander Modish. He was all politeness, saying that his father would be sorry that she called in his absence ; that they had now the honour of being Sir Timothy Flight's agents and bankers ; that he would himself call on her in a few days, and bring

her the amount of Master Lutterel Mortimer's school-bill, which he accordingly did, at the same time representing that he thought the charges enormous, as he himself had been educated in a school in the vicinity of the metropolis for half the sum, with several other observations on the same topic, which offended Mrs. Mortimer, as she thought the young solicitor was taking a great liberty in finding fault with the school at which his employer thought proper to place her son. She happened to be busily employed when Mr. Alexander Modish entered, in fitting up some card-racks and pin-cushions, &c. for exportation ; he offered to purchase some of the articles ; this also was disagreeable to Mrs. Mortimer, as she never sold her work by retail. He took his leave with saying that Sir Timothy Flight would be soon in town, which determined Mrs. Mortimer to paint a small vase, for Lutterel Mortimer to present to his patron. She had before paint-

ed a set of skreens for him, not by way of making any return for his munificence, but to prove that she felt grateful for his bounty.

Mrs. Mortimer's time was so fully employed that she had very little leisure for visiting; but it was grateful to her feelings to receive invitations from persons of rank, who had known her previously to her marriage, as it convinced her that they considered the exertions which she made for her children's welfare was no disgrace to her: every one, however, was not of this opinion. On her first going into barracks, she was introduced to a particular friend of Colonel Mortimer; he was then just appointed to that division, and had brought his wife and daughter. With this family Mrs. Mortimer was particularly intimate: they were in limited circumstances, and resided in a lodging, with one man and one maid servant; and the lady and her daughter were compelled to assist in the household



concerns. Seldom a day passed that this family and the Mortimers did not meet: the elderly lady suffered under very severe indisposition; and Mrs. Mortimer really loved the family, so that she attended her in sickness, and when in health contributed to her amusement, and looked upon them as sincere friends. The gentleman was of no family or education; a weak man, and easily led by those about him: and, as is the case with weak minds, not able to bear prosperity with humility. A rapid promotion which took place in the corps exalted this little man (in his own ideas) to be equal with a king. He was removed from Chatham; but as his attendance was sometimes requisite with the division, after Colonel Mortimer's death, he and his family on those occasions favoured Mrs. Mortimer with their company; and she was delighted to have her friends with her. But when the dreadful situation of Harriet Mortimer obliged her mother to

leave Rochester, and to learn a trade to maintain her infants, these sincere friends were informed of her future plans, and thus ended all communication ; for they were now such little great people, that to visit a person who had recourse to labour to procure a livelihood would have been highly indecorous in a man of his rank. Mrs. Mortimer was not aware that such friendship as had existed between them could be terminated by her making pencils ; therefore, as they did not call on her when first she came to town, she concluded that some of the family were ill, and she went to see them, when she was received with great form, but without any signs of friendship. The lady mentioned that her son had been married some months. This Mrs. Mortimer knew, but had taken no notice of it, as she supposed his having married the sister of some milliner at Cork, without a sixpence, was rather a subject of grief than rejoicing ; but as the old lady had mentioned twice that her son had married a

very pretty woman, who was going abroad with him, she concluded that the old folks were offended at her not having sent a congratulatory epistle on the occasion; consequently, when she got home, she wrote what she conceived would please the old gentlewoman. In reply to this letter Mrs. Mortimer was informed that since they came to reside in London they had so increased their acquaintance that they could not augment them; that they heard that she had some ladies coming to reside with her; and they sincerely hoped that her new employment might prove successful. Mrs. Mortimer felt hurt and disgusted at this letter, as she knew their great society consisted of a few clerks and their wives; but she determined never to enter their doors again. Not long after, the gentleman called on her; but she had given orders always to be denied to any part of that family.

Sir Timothy Flight came to town, and Lutterel Mortimer took him as a present the vase which Mrs. Mortimer had painted. He was pleased with the performance, and wrote to her in a few days.

South-street, Friday morning.

Dear Madam,

Excuse haste; I shall be happy to see you any day. I dine at half past five, if you like to take my mutton with me any day; and be good enough to bring some of your choice specimens of drawing.

I remain your's, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

By the desire of her friends, Mrs. Mortimer fixed a day for herself and son to dine with the Baronet. On the morning of that day his servant gave her this letter.

Dear Madam,

I think it necessary to mention that I have a young lady living with me

who is by the world considered my mistress.

I need not assure you, from my conduct to Lutterel, that my chief motive in taking her under my care was pity at seeing a child fifteen years old, as she then was, with a father, mother, sister and brother, and yet not a house whither to go. They who ought to have guarded her were the first ready to plunge her into perdition. I snatched her from so horrible an abyss ; and no one need now know but that she is my young cousin, cheerful and lively, like a child from school.

As one must be guided by the rules of society, you need not feel scruples when you know all last year all the fashionable, with their sons and daughters, were crowding to Mrs. —, who is only a Prince's kept mistress.

As from extreme delicacy, you can come as to *see me*, and can behave to any one else, if you feel prudish, with com-

mon civility, as you would to any person who might have sailed in the packet.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Sunday morning.

P. S. Do not come if you had rather not.

This was a distressing piece of intelligence ; for the letter was dictated in such terms as gave doubts to Mrs. Mortimer respecting the character of the young person alluded to : but upon a second perusal, she felt ashamed of doubting, for one moment, the motive which induced Sir Timothy to take a young creature under his protection. Had he not, unsolicited, engaged to provide for her child ? The world she knew was censorious ; and if persons sacrificed their feelings to the opinion of the multitude, the widow and the helpless orphan would have few friends ; for those whose hearts are too contracted to allow them to perform a single generous action, always scandalize

those who are possessed of such a blessing: so sure it is, that, more or less, every one judges of others by their own standard. With the impression of seeing a school-girl Mrs. Mortimer repaired to Sir Timothy Flight's. She had only seen him twice since the death of her husband; and with the partiality of a fond mother, concluded that the more he saw of her son the stronger interest he would feel in his future welfare. She also felt it her duty, as far as she was able, to meet his wishes on all occasions; and it struck her; that probably the poor girl, of whom he made such pathetic mention, remained at his house because he knew no person with whom he could place her; or, that with his own benevolent ideas, he was fearful that if trusted to strangers she might not be treated with such tenderness as her unprotected situation demanded. Mrs. Mortimer therefore determined to examine the young lady's behaviour minutely; and if she really

appeared what she ardently wished to find her, she would offer Sir Timothy to receive her, and that she should find in her a second mother, as she would, if necessary, instruct her, and shew her the same affection that she had for her own children.

At the appointed time Mrs Mortimer took her son to South-street. The Baronet had not returned from his morning's drive ; but she found books, paintings, &c. which enabled her to pass her time agreeably till his return. She saw him descend from his curricule with a lady who appeared to be more that fifteen ; and soon afterwards he entered with Mr. Alexander Modish, who was dressed in the style of a Sunday Hyde Park jockey. Sir Timothy, with his usual elegance of manners, made an apology for not being aware that the distance of the place to which he had been would prevent his being at home in time to receive Mrs. Mortimer and her son : he hoped she would also pardon his leaving her for a



few minutes to change his dress. Mr. Alexander Modish remained ; and she took the opportunity of Sir Timothy's absence to ask him respecting the young lady whom she had seen. He gave Mrs. Mortimer to understand that she was a protégée of the Baronet's, and he had taken her out of compassion. The world, he observed, was censorious ; " But you, Madam, know Sir Timothy Flight's philanthropy, and that his goodness is such that he is ever ready to assist the unfortunate."

The young lady did not make her appearance till dinner was served, and Sir Timothy did not introduce her, which rather surprised Mrs. Mortimer : she therefore requested to know her name. " Harriet Shark," he replied. The conversation while at table was chiefly on the progress which Lutterel had made in his education, excepting ever and anon the Baronet spoke in very disrespectful terms of his nearest relations, in which Mr. Alexander Modish joined, saying

it was shameful that more had not been made of the Baronet's fortune during his long minority; that ten thousand pounds had never been accounted for; and that his former solicitor, Mr. Equity, should have recovered it when the Baronet came of age. All this appeared very wonderful to Mrs. Mortimer, as when she first knew Sir Timothy, he appeared to idolize his family, and she knew them to be persons of rank and great respectability, and incapable of doing a mean action.

In the afternoon Sir Timothy told Mrs. Mortimer that he was extremely sorry to find that she worked to support her children, as she had always had his permission to draw on his bankers when under any pecuniary embarrassment. She told him that she was sensible of his liberality, but she could not think of availing herself of it; that what he did for her boy was more than she could have expected; and she had, invariably, when

she drew for her son's school-bill, sent Dr. Johns' account with the draft. He then said that she could be of the greatest service to him; that his mother could not live many weeks, and having no near female relation to take an interest in his concerns, he was imposed on by his servants and trades-people, and wanted some one about him who had his interest at heart; that he could trust her to write for him, and, in short, to superintend all his affairs; that if Mrs. Mortimer would do this, she must remove to Brighton, where he had a cottage, which he would let her reside in, and allow her a handsome remuneration for her trouble: that it was his intention to educate her other boy; but as he was not designed for the church she must look out for a cheaper school than Dr. Johns'; but he hoped to see her often, and that they would then settle something for her advantage. Mr. Alexander Modish expressed his wishes that Mrs. Mortimer

would comply with Sir Timothy's desire, as he had several houses at Brighton, which wanted furnishing, and that he really required a respectable female to superintend his concerns.

As to Miss Shark, Mrs. Mortimer was at a loss what to think of her ; she was very pretty, and appeared to be about six or seven and twenty ; she affected a naïveté of manner, which was pleasing ; her behaviour was perfectly correct, but there was something in her appearance, and the manner in which the gentlemen behaved to her, that created some suspicion in the breast of Mrs. Mortimer.

It was natural for Mrs. Mortimer to turn in her mind the offer which Sir Timothy had made her ; she also talked with Mr. Charles Stanton and some friends on the subject, and they agreed with her in thinking, that independent of its being a very lucrative situation, that it was an indispensable duty in her, to

devote her whole time, and to do every thing in her power, to promote the Baronet's welfare ; as it was only by proving in this manner her gratitude, that she could convince him how thankful she was for his benevolence to her son ; and by her fidelity in serving Sir Timothy she would secure him as a benefactor to her children. On the Tuesday morning following this note was delivered to her :

My dear Madam,

If disengaged, should you like to come, and definitively conclude your bargain to-morrow, or next day, by which you are only to amuse yourself in the mornings by drawing a little, when it suits your pleasure.

Believe me, dear madam,

Your's truly, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Tuesday Morning.

Mrs. Mortimer attended Sir Timothy the same day, when he offered her five

hundred pounds a year ; this she declined, considering it far too large a salary. It was then decided that she should have three hundred per annum, and a house to reside in free of rent and taxes ; but this was a verbal agreement, in presence of Miss Shark and Mr. Alexander Modish ; Mrs. Mortimer having such an opinion of Sir Timothy, that to ask for any written document never entered into her mind. In consequence of this arrangement, Mrs. Mortimer parted from her house in Charles-street, the two Miss Lantons were to return to their friends in Scotland, and Mrs. Mortimer and her family remove to Brighton. All this, however, took some weeks to accomplish, during which period Sir Timothy sent for Mrs. Mortimer every day to South-street, generally at his breakfast hour. She lamented to see that he had an occasional eccentricity, which might be productive of bad consequences, for he was so incapable of du-

plicity in his own character, that he suspected it not in others, and she saw, with concern, that Mr. Alexander Modish governed all his actions, and either he, or his younger brother, Mr. Symphony Modish, were constantly with the Baronet, to appearance by accident ; but Mrs. Mortimer began to suspect that that was not the case. While Sir Timothy was at breakfast, generally one of these gentlemen dropped in ; soon after, persons would call with snuff-boxes, diamond-rings, neck-laces, watches, and various articles of jewellery ; the Mr. Modishes would extol the beauty of the articles, and tell the Baronet that a person of his rank should have a cabinet of curiosities : one man brought a ring—it was an antique, set round with a few brilliants : the foreigner to whom it belonged assured Sir Timothy that he was the first person who had seen it ; it was the self same ring which Bonaparte wore on his finger when he con-

quered Egypt. Mrs. Mortimer having some doubts of this, asked the man how it came into his possession ; he said that the Emperor Napoleon had given it to one of his victorious generals, who had presented it to his favourite mistress, with whom he had quarrelled ; that the lady had occasion for money, and had given him the ring to dispose of. Of course, so great a curiosity was purchased, to add to the rest. From the description of some of the watches and boxes, which were imposed on Sir Timothy, Mrs. Mortimer was informed that they were the remains of a museum, which was formerly exhibited in London by a Mr. Cox. She thus frequently saw thousands expended in a morning, and when she ventured to make any observation on the great expence attending this cabinet of curiosities, Mr. Alexander Modish always replied, that as the Baronet did not dissipate his fortune at a gaming-table, such trifling expences could not be felt



by him. The Mr. Modishes were presented with watches, and elegant diamond broaches, by Sir Timothy, with leave to chuse such ornamental trinkets as were worn by young men of fashion, at his expence, in consideration of their having recommended him to a jeweller and silversmith in the Strand, who would give him any length of credit which suited his convenience. It was also observed, by Mr. Alexander Modish, that when the Baronet was tired of these baubles, they could be sent abroad, where they would fetch double the price that had been given for them.

This was not the only imposition which roused Mrs. Mortimer's suspicion respecting Sir Timothy's solicitors; they would bring leases, &c. for him to sign, just as dinner was served, and he executed these deeds, or leases, without examining the contents; and frequently, when Sir Timothy was in such an agitated state of mind as to render him to-

tally unfit for business of any sort. Sir Timothy was by no means mad, for he possessed for hours together, and even for days, a sound state of mind ; but it was necessary that he should have some pursuit, to keep his attention fixed, and it depended on those about him to direct those pursuits into a proper channel. At times he certainly had a flightiness of imagination, which appeared to proceed from an elevated mind, and in those moments he would promise to patronize people, advance them money to procure patents for the accomplishment of impossibilities ; and Mrs. Mortimer saw, with heart-piercing grief, that the benevolent benefactor of her son, in these moments of irritation, became the dupe of a party of designing villains. This party took advantage of his calamity, by making him execute bonds and drafts, upon which, when he reflected coolly, he was loath to abide by, but was compelled to do so, for fear of their exposing him, as his dread of being

confined in a mad-house embittered his life, and the artful persons with whom he was connected took advantage of this fear, by which means he was completely in their power. Miss Shark acted the part of an accomplice ; as Mrs. Mortimer learnt that the young lady, who had been presented to her as a boarding-school Miss, had been a common prostitute, and was thrown in Sir Timothy's way, with an artful story of distress, as the party knew that his heart would instantly feel interested for the person so represented. It answered their expectation, and he took her home: had she possessed one atom of generosity in her composition, she would have exerted the influence she had over him, to prevent his being ruined by the wretches who preyed on him; instead of which, she joined in deceiving him, and continued to pursue the same libertine life, from which he thought he had extricated her,

for he took her from a scene of vice and profligacy.

Sir Timothy, a few days after Mrs. Mortimer had settled with him to superintend his concerns, requested that she would go down to Brighton, to take the plans of some houses for which he was in treaty, and also to ascertain what furniture would be required to furnish four houses fit for the reception of lodgers. He said his steward would be in town, and Mr. Chissel would see that she had proper accommodation prepared for her reception; as it would be unpleasant to go to a strange place alone. He desired that she would take the youngest Miss Lanton with her, and that if possible he would join her there the next week. Previous to her departure Mrs. Mortimer was introduced to Mr. Chissel; and as he will frequently make his appearance in these anecdotes, it may be pleasant to the reader to have some knowledge of this great personage.

That he had a father and mother is all that ever could be known of his pedigree ; he was brought up a carpenter, but not being in a situation to obtain employment, he enlisted into a regiment of dragoons, from which he either deserted, or was discharged, and, for some years, the world laboured under the affliction of not knowing what had become of this knight of the chip. Reports varied concerning him ; some said he had been sent against his inclination to New South Wales to fetch wool : others, that he had never been out of the kingdom which had given birth to so great a hero. He himself assured every one that he had been the intimate friend and travelling companion of a German Baron ; that he had made the tour of Europe, to study agriculture, and that he was now superior to any other person in the knowledge of that useful art. He had suffered greatly from being so much in foreign parts, as from the variety of lan-

guages, which he had been under the necessity of learning, he returned to his native land incapable of speaking one; as, although he conversed in English, it was only that part of the language called the vulgar tongue in which he excelled, and could be clearly understood.

To the great benefit of society, when His Royal Highness the Prince built his spacious stables at Brighton, workmen flocked from all parts of England to obtain employment, and amongst them Mr. Chissel, the late friend of the German Baron; but as he could not get sufficient business, being a man of a liberal mind, he did job-work for the inhabitants at a reduced price. Mr. Chissel, however, had the good fortune to be born under a lucky planet, and in this situation Captain Flash, who had the command of a troop in the regiment of dragoons in which Mr. Chissel had served, recognized him. He asked Chissel how he was engaged, and being informed that he had to support a

wife and family by chance custom, it struck the noble Captain, that, in serving this man, he could essentially benefit his own family. His father had an estate tenanted by a set of turbulent people: he could not manage them himself; and although the Captain could swear, they did not mind him; but as Mr. Chissel was a man six feet high; could swear, even better than the Captain; could box, if required; and could frighten several by his appearance, he was appointed by Captain Flash to be the steward of this estate, that he might bring this riotous tenantry into better order. When the Mr. Modishes became solicitors to Sir Timothy Flight, and keeping the old steward on the estates would have been impolitic, Mr. Chissel was advanced to the office of steward to Sir Timothy, with a salary of three hundred pounds per annum. From his long residence with his friend the Baron, and having imbibed high notions, he threw his tools to the dogs,

ported a gig decorated with red morocco and yellow paint, and kept a saddle-horse. A house was taken in a pleasant situation at Brighton for him to reside in, and the Master and Miss Chissels sent to a boarding-school. Mr. and Mrs. Chissel now commenced people of fashion, but the poor lady did not long enjoy her happy situation, for she was in very bad health, occasioned by her husband's unkindness; and when Miss Lanton and Mrs. Mortimer visited Brighton, the poor creature kept her bed.

Mr. Chissel was very attentive to Mrs. Mortimer, and she thought that he really was a rough diamond, for he spoke of Sir Timothy Flight's solicitors as a designing set of Jews, and entreated Mrs. Mortimer to warn the Baronet of his danger, for he was sure he would be ruined. He said that they had lately taken a house near Chelsea, which was fitted up in a sumptuous manner; that, in fact, it was all at the Baronet's ex-



pence, as he advanced the money, and old Modish was to set it off in his account, which was not to be delivered to Sir Timothy till the expiration of three years; and that they had a carriage and horses, all of which were paid for out of the Baronet's money. Mrs. Mortimer was extremely distressed to hear this, and foresaw that if she continued in Sir Timothy's service, she should have an arduous task. When she went to his house in Brighton, she found it filled with actors and actresses, who danced and played at a circus, which in one of the Baronet's flighty fits he had purchased.

Mrs. Mortimer was to see several houses, and send the particulars of each to Sir Timothy, which she did, and received this reply:

London, Wednesday.

Dear Madam,

I propose running down to-morrow for a day, if I can; if not, pray

forward the particulars and terms of all the houses I stated in the good situations; as the west sides particularly of German-place, of the New Steyne, even of the Crescent, whole of Dorset Gardens, the west side of Broad-street, Nos. 11 and 12, and any other good houses on the Steyne. My assisting any person to furnish two or three houses for letting would be a livelihood to any one, so that if I were willing to take the trouble of taking all Brighton, it would be the luckiest thing for them; whereas, I only desire you to get the terms and particulars of all the best streets, not forgetting the large houses at the end of German-place and Broad-street. Such particulars as who the ground and the houses belong to, if to be had only yearly, or whether on lease, renewable on lives at a certain fine, and any other particulars; I then can pick and choose. Brighton is a sinking place in itself: I am positively informed the Prince is quitting it,

and unless some superior and extraordinary genius (modest you will say) interpose, the place will fall to nothing, if only from the very great danger of the cliffs being washed into the sea, which, with the Prince's departure, and the place being over built, is likely to press very hard. You will now see that it will be almost the interest of Brighton to let me have all the houses on the Crescent and the Cliff, at least for nothing: I will not only save the place, but make it the first place any where. Do not repeat this, they would increase their price. Get the estimate from Lucas, Middle-street, of the New Groin I mentioned to him. If you are at a pinch for money, Mr. Chissel, on shewing him this, will supply you. I have desired Mr. Chissel to have you supplied with every thing, as long as you stay, by my trades-people. If not disagreeable or unpleasant, pray notice Miss L——, a good little girl, who dances at my circus, and she is in

distress I fear. Pray comfort her poor little heart, like a mother: the kindness of a friend in need, to an unprotected girl too, is a heavenly balm to bestow. You see I am not such a starving manager as Monsieur ———. You may send to Mr. B. a painter, he has some secret about paint without turpentine. I hope the lad, Tom C. has not made off with the clothes; if so, he should be taken up to be tried for the theft.

Believe me, your's truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P. S. Pray answer all my questions.

The greater part of this letter was incomprehensible to Mrs. Mortimer, and she desired Mr. Chissel to give her information on the different subjects: she feared that it must have been written when Sir Timothy's mind was in a state of irritation, as it was so unlike all his former correspondence. She inquired about Miss L——, and found that she

was a girl of good character, and resided with some other theatrical geniuses in Sir Timothy's house. The Baronet sent Mrs. Mortimer another letter a few days after :

Dear Madam,

You know I am rather occupied, which must excuse my neglect in writing. My wish was to get the terms of the west side (my house is on the west side of ———) of Broad-street, of the New Steyne, likewise of the house next to the Old Bank. I have told the men all this, and I am obliged to give you all the trouble. Getting the terms of every house in Brighton does not oblige me to take them, and only gives me the choice. You may tell the Brightoneers that when I have sent some of their great rascals to h——, the little ones will follow ; they had better offend the d—I than me. It was the great new house I thought of ; otherwise, the east side of streets is horrible in summer.

I like the idea of painting Mason's green; a pale green, with gold moulding, is neat. Pray scold that stupid beast and his wife, Botts, for not writing; they live on me, and do nothing; and tell Black, if he does not do every thing I bid him, I can soon bring down a London coal-merchant, and pay for underselling, if I cannot think of better means to blow him to pieces. I must end at present.

Your's, in haste,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

If Mrs. Mortimer was astonished at the former letter, this gave her still more sorrow: what a difference in the sentiments of violence expressed, compared with his former placidness and kindness. She consulted with Mr. Chissel what she had best do; and understanding from him that when Sir Timothy's mind was set on any particular object, it was necessary to humour him. Two houses

were taken in German-place, with the plans of several others, and at the expiration of ten days Mrs. Mortimer returned to London. Sir Timothy was pleased with what she had done, and appeared to have great confidence in her: she therefore took an opportunity, when he was perfectly collected, to express her sorrow at his having taken his affairs out of Mr. Equity's hands, as she understood he was a gentleman whose character stood high in the estimation of the public: she hoped he had done himself no injury by the change, but was he sure that the persons in whom he now confided were men of character, and would not betray the trust reposed in them. Sir Timothy confessed he had some doubts respecting their probity, but observed, that they were men of abilities, and, if honest, might be of great service to him; if they were otherwise, he was entirely in their power, and they could injure him very materially. He much wished that she

would inquire into their characters, for he was sure that she would not deceive him; and confessed he was himself surprised to hear that he was in their debt eight thousand pounds, as they had only been fourteen months his solicitors, when the sum of sixty thousand pounds was paid into their hands.

Mrs. Mortimer now regretted that she had given up her house near Cavendish-square, and that the Miss Lantons were to leave her in a few days, for she was fearful that she had undertaken a situation, the business of which she would find difficult to discharge, without creating herself many enemies. She related her situation to Mr. Charles Stanton, who told her he thought it was her duty to save Sir Timothy, if possible, from ruin; that his solicitors were Jews of notorious character, and that if the Baronet's affairs were not taken out of their hands, he would soon be ruined. Mrs. Mortimer introduced Mr. Charles Stanton to



Sir Timothy, for he was surrounded by such a set of miscreants, that she thought it right to secure him at least one friend, who would exert himself to save him. As she saw that it was necessary to prevent Sir Timothy from being agitated, she determined to ask her agent, a respectable gentleman near Leicester-square, if he could inform her of any solicitor who she could recommend to the Baronet, and if he would advance the money to extricate him. This he said he would do, and that the solicitor whom he employed, he would not only recommend, but become security for his honourable conduct in the sum of a thousand pounds. The day before Mrs. Mortimer took her family to Brighton, she dined in South-street: Mr. Charles Stanton was of the party; and at her taking leave, Sir Timothy gave her all his keys, and desired she would take possession of his house, and act as she thought proper for him, in Brighton. He told her that he should

come down as soon as ever the fate of Lady Flight was decided, as in her present state of health she could not long survive. Mrs. Mortimer, on all occasions, endeavoured to prevail on him to be on good terms with his family; but he said, that as they had confined him once in a mad-house, he never could forgive them for so doing; and he was sure they would again do the same, if they got him in their power. He desired Mrs. Mortimer to keep a good look out after Mr. Chissel, as he had taken the liberty of riding his horses, and doing many things of which he did not approve. Mrs. Mortimer considered Mr. Chissel a vulgar man; but she thought him honest, and spoke much in his favour. Not long before he had given her, in the presence of the two Miss Lantons, a fifty pound note, as a present from Sir Timothy, to settle any little debts she might have in town, and to pay the expences of removing her children to Brighton.

## CHAP. VI.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,  
Are only varied modes of endless Being.  
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone ;  
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,  
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.  
When inconsistent with a greater good,  
Reason commands to cast the less away ;  
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,  
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

JOHNSON.

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ON Mrs. Mortimer's arrival at Brighton, she took up her residence in one of Sir Timothy Flight's houses, till his steward could procure her one, as possession of the cottage, which the Baronet had designed for her, could not be obtained, the person with whom he had some concern in the circus refusing to

give it up, and a law-suit was then depending, which some respectable persons assured Mrs. Mortimer would prove Sir Timothy not only to be a partner in the concern, but would involve him in great expence and disgrace. Mrs. Mortimer felt it her duty to write this to Mr. Alexander Modish ; she also informed Sir Timothy that no blame could be imputed to the gardener, for not supplying his table more profusely, as not less than thirty persons were furnished with vegetables from his ground. To this he answered as follows :—

Madam,

I am surprised at the impudence of the people who have been robbing my garden ; no one of course is to be supplied without my permission ; as far as he can make up the account, let him send in the bill of what they have had, and make them pay for every thing.

Chissel should give all these people a

good lecture not to forget themselves ; if they do not take care I will send them to jail. If you can tell me how many glasses you want, I will try to send you some, unless you fear breakage. You do not say what quantity of spoons, &c. you want: besides, Chissel making bulls in law, owing to his cleverness, half my volunteers have been dismissed in disgrace. Even in managing the land it would be as well to consult a little, where he can and has time, with me ; for Miss Shark, many wise men have had their plagues, but few know how to make light of it, and that is my chance.

Believe me your's very truly,  
TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

By the same post Mrs. Mortimer received the following letter from Mr. Abraham Modish

Temple.

Madam,

My son not having been at the Chambers this day, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour to his address. Your sentiments respecting the persons alluded to perfectly coincide with my own on the subject, and shall have their due weight in my representation to Sir Timothy Flight. Have the goodness to tell Mr. Chissel my son will be ready at the time stated, who will be able to apprise you of Sir Timothy's determination on the subject you have so justly descanted on, and will probably be able to send the necessary directions by to-morrow's post. I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

ABRAHAM MODISH.

The next morning Mrs. Mortimer had a letter on the same subject from Alexander Modish.

Temple.

My dear Madam,

Your letter is this moment before me, and I am really obliged to you for the information. Zealous as my father and myself have ever been, not only for the interest of our client, but his reputation, we see with pleasure your discreet conduct, and are convinced that you will be sedulous in attending to either, as we should be. Your remarks, relative to the appendages of the circus, are perfectly correct, and Sir Timothy has promised to give these faithful slaves their manumission immediately. In the mean time you may safely order that no one is to have the produce of the garden, without Sir Timothy's order. Should any thing else occur that contravenes our client's interest, you will be good enough to let us know.

Your's sincerely, in haste,

ALEXANDER MODISH.

Mrs. Mortimer soon got rid of all the

tribe of actors and actresses which inhabited the Baronet's house, as she sent persons in to clean and to paint it. Upon examining the contents of his habitation, she was surprised at the various articles it contained: as to whips, the whole county of Sussex could have been supplied by him, without his missing them. Earthen-ware was also in great profusion. Mrs. Mortimer, in the presence of a witness, took an inventory of every thing, and sent a copy to Sir Timothy. She was taken by Mr. Chissel to all the Baronet's trades-people, and they were desired to supply her with every thing she pleased to have. Previous to her leaving Town, Sir Timothy had promised her eldest boy a poney, and till he came home for the holidays his brother was to ride; but upon sending for it, she was informed that the poney belonged to Mr. Chissel, and that his sons wanted it. This she took no notice of, as she thought when Sir Timothy came, he would settle



whether her son was to have the poney, or whether it really belonged to Mr. Chissel, who was in a few days going into Yorkshire, to receive the rents. Before he went, he took a house by Sir Timothy's instructions, for Mrs. Mortimer to reside in, while she remained on the Baronet's business in Brighton. It was in High-street, and as she was furnishing houses, and might want money before his return, he advanced her fifty pounds of her salary, and the morning he went he sent the poney for Edmund Mortimer to ride. She wished to know how Sir Timothy really was, and desired Mr. Chissel would inform her, which he very kindly did in the following elegant epistle.

Mrs. Mortimer, German-place, Brighton.

Madam,

I arrived safe in town on Thursday morning. After taking breakfast at Mrs. Flash's, I waited on Sir Timothy, and thank God found him in better health

than I ever saw him. I have seen Mr. Modish three or four times, and was at his house last night, and a more handsome house I never saw in the course of my life. Every thing in a princely style; they were all very polite to me; we shall start to-morrow at six o'clock for Lincolnshire. Sir Timothy and his servant, Modish and me in the travelling coach of Sir Timothy. I am very glad, I will assure you, he is going, as he now is collected, and knows well what he is about. Mr. Modish has had a new carriage given to him by Sir Timothy, and they are all coming I understand to Brighton this season; and from what I can hear, are to have one of the houses in German Place, but which I cannot tell as yet; should you wish to have the poney, tell Lamb to get him from the farm as soon as your dear boy comes home, and if you want to write to me, direct I. Chissel, post-office, Newark, Nottinghamshire. Give my love to my dear Sarah and your dear children,

and please to accept, Madam, my best wishes for your health and happiness.

**JOHN CHISSEL.**

James-street, Westminster, London.

Mrs. Mortimer had women to help her to furnish Sir Timothy's houses. She cut out all the bed furniture herself, and was always up by five in the morning, and worked till twelve at night. She furnished four houses for less than eleven hundred pounds, including linen for two of them. She painted seven pair of card-racks, two glass vases, and a pair of large fire-screens. She was indefatigable, in the hope of proving to Sir Timothy that herself and children merited his bounty. At this time Mr. Chissel became a widower, and he gave up housekeeping. He sent all his furniture to be put into the houses which Mrs. Mortimer was furnishing for the Baronet; but such rubbish was never seen: what to do she did not know. He said

Sir Timothy had decided to take it, and that he had had it appraised. This gave her some suspicions of the steward's honesty, which were not lessened by finding from the gardener that he had orders to supply the school with vegetables where his daughter was placed. This Mrs. Mortimer forbade, when the school-mistress came to say that she had taken Miss Chissel at a reduced price in consequence of their being supplied with vegetables and milk by Mr. Chissel. This opened Mrs. Mortimer's eyes completely; and she feared that neither the steward nor the solicitors were to be depended on. She was grieved to hear every one say that Sir Timothy was mad, and that his friends should confine him. This she took great pains to contradict, because she was convinced that it was not the case; but she wished that he had one of his relations to reside with him, for she feared that every advantage was taken of his eccentricity, and continually regret-

ted that she had ever come to Brighton: not that she was averse either to the trouble or fatigue, but she soon saw that she had to act with unprincipled people, and she thought she should never be able to contend with them. As soon as Sir Timothy reached York he wrote the following letter to her.

York.

Dear Madam,

I am ashamed to have been so long in answering your letter. I quitted Town rather suddenly, and hope to be soon back; should you, however, be in haste for the things you mentioned, you can write to Mrs. Brush, at my house in South-street, and she can send for Mr. Bounce, silversmith, in the alley leading from Leicester-fields to Covent-garden, near the Panorama. There are a dozen common silver spoons in my house, which she might spare you; and I believe Bounce has some plain spoons he has made for me: at any rate she can get

some plate from him that you may want most. She may apply to Watson, Vigolane, the top of Sackville-street; he would supply it if he has it by him, at rather a more reasonable rate than the other.

I remain your's truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

The plate which the Baronet mentioned was for his lodging houses; but Mrs. Mortimer did not send for any, fearful that his housekeeper might lead him to too great an expence. Mrs. Mortimer placed her son at school in Brighton, and did not mean to charge Sir Timothy with more than thirty pounds per annum for his schooling, as at this period government had most humanely established a fund for the relief of marine orphans, from the benevolent representation of an admiral of high rank, who never let an occasion pass of performing a brave or a charitable action; and they

had been graciously pleased to grant each of her children ten pounds per annum from that bounty. A friend of Mrs. Forth, who had so long resided with Mrs. Mortimer, was now in Brighton, and she wished to board and lodge with her, which was very agreeable to Mrs. Mortimer. She was an elderly lady of large fortune and good connections, and such a companion was very desirable; but the house which Mr. Chissel had taken for Mrs. Mortimer was in a situation which turned out very unpleasant for the ladies, and they determined to remove when they could meet with another which would suit them.

Mr. Chissel now returned from the north, and alarmed Mrs. Mortimer with the account he gave of the journey. He told her that Sir Timothy Flight would soon be done up; that Mr. Alexander Modish had the direction of every thing; and that one of the best of his estates was made over to him as security for money

which he had advanced for Sir Timothy; and that as soon as he had received the rents from Mr. Chissel, amounting to upwards of six thousand pounds, he bought himself a horse and rode off with the money. Mrs. Mortimer thought this a favourable time to write to Sir Timothy, to inform him the true characters of the persons he employed, and to tell him that if being in their debt prevented his taking his affairs out of their hands, that he could be supplied with any sum immediately for that purpose. She also mentioned that his steward had given her great part of the information, and had also told her the quantity of plate which Mr. Modish had in lieu of charging more than five per cent. interest when he advanced money for the Baronet; and Sir Timothy gave her this reply.

Dear Madam,

Your alarms and schemes are quite unnecessary, and your information



incorrect. If your friend would lend me fifty, or a hundred thousand pounds, I would not borrow a shilling of him, as I do not want it. I am going to try farming on a small scale: in case I find it answer, it is possible that I may feel disposed, at a future time, to buy a good quantity of land. If your friend have idle money, you may safely assure him that I will never borrow where I cannot pay, and that where I give my word, that his money would be as safe as in the Bank of England. You will probably find, that with all his false abuse of others, that he would not advance even a paltry sum of four or five thousand without my mortgaging, or some other method.

Pray tell Mr. Leap that I say I will be answerable for his paying the people for the rent when it becomes due. I hope you have given Mr. Chissel a lecture, as I begged. To conclude with the subject I began with, there is no man in the kingdom less likely to be ruined than myself:

were any (as there are many who are very glad to put money out at the usual interest when it is secure) to offer to lend me a large sum, I might perhaps be glad to have a large sum lent me in case of a desirable purchase offering itself; but were any one to offer the wealth of the Indies, if I gave my simple word, it would be as safe as the Bank, because I never would give my word but where I was sure I could at all events repay every shilling. Believe me, dear Madam,

Your's truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P. S. I shall try to come down shortly,

This epistle convinced Mrs. Mortimer that the only method to be adopted to get Sir Timothy out of the hands of his solicitors was to prevail on Mr. Charles Stanton to explain to him their nefarious practices; and when he once consented, immediately to remove his business from them. She was anxious to see the Baro-

net restored to his family, and to that rank in society which he was so eminently calculated to adorn. She was shocked to see him waste the prime of his life in the company of designing sharpers; she felt for his situation; she had the most unbounded gratitude for his kindness to her and her children, and most willingly would she have devoted every hour of her existence to promote his welfare. This she thought could only be accomplished by his being in quiet, eligible society; as the noise, drinking, and tumult of the vulgar, was ill calculated to calm his perturbed mind. She had just finished furnishing some houses in German-place when she was addressed to this purpose.

Russel-square.

Madam,

Owing to the dangerous state which Lady Flight is now in, Sir Timothy does not intend visiting Brighton for some time, and has requested that we will

make use of his house in Dorset-place till he arrives. Sir Timothy will esteem himself obliged if you will order the beds, &c. to be ready by Wednesday night; and if you will have the goodness to request Mr. Chissel to procure stabling and provision for three horses. Mr. Fuel presents his compliments to you and Mr. Chissel; and

Believe me, Madam,

Your's respectfully,

E. FUEL.

As Mrs. Mortimer did not know who Mr. and Mrs. Fuel were, she asked Mr. Chissel, who informed her that the gentleman was a Jack of all trades, and his present profession a coal merchant; that he was a designing man, and had got a great deal of money from the Baronet; that he was now coming to Brighton with Sir Timothy's horses and curricule in hopes of being set up in business there. They came, and took possession.

of one of Sir Timothy's houses ; but as Mr. Alexander Modish did not approve of the connection, at the expiration of a fortnight they lost all their luxuries, having had notice to quit. The Baronet's horses and carriage were all taken away ; and they were compelled to return to London in a very different style to what they left it.

Mrs. Mortimer being soon after this giving directions to some women who were furnishing Sir Timothy's own house, Mr. Chissel entered, and without any preface addressed her with—" Madam, you and your beggarly brats may all decamp from Brighton ; Sir Timothy wants none of your advice, and you shall never have any thing more to do with his concerns : you, truly, who are no better than a pauper, to pretend to say that Mr. Modish is not a honest man ; and then to say that I told you so, and be d——d to you : but we will do for you, so I say out you may go." This speech was interlarded with

oaths, which proved that Captain Flash knew the value of the person he had recommended to be his father's steward. Mrs. Mortimer was so frightened that she made no reply; and all the inhabitants in the street came out of their houses to know who the terrible creature was who had even frightened them. As soon as he took his leave, Mrs. Mortimer set off for Town, where, having arrived, she told Sir Timothy the treatment which she had received, and regretted that she could be of no further use to him, not chusing to subject herself to such abuse in future. He told her it should never happen again, for he would instantly dismiss Mr. Chissel, although at that moment it would be attended with inconvenience, as he was just then valuing some timber. Mrs. Mortimer insisted that he should not be turned away, but that in future he should never speak to her; and Sir Timothy wrote to him to that effect. He then desired that she would return to Brighton,

saying that he would soon come down himself, and he relied upon her to see that he was not imposed on, as she would be a check upon others. He also requested that she would pay particular attention to his garden, and was astonished when he heard that Captain Flash had his vegetables from it. He requested that a bill might be sent to the Captain with an account of what he had been served with. This Mrs. Mortimer could not think of doing, nor did she like to send a message by the gardener, forbidding them to be served in future; therefore she went to Captain Flash, and told him what Sir Timothy had said, and that he had better himself decline having them, otherwise it would appear odd to the gardener. The Captain said he had always paid for them; but on Mrs. Mortimer asking to whom, as she had the care of the garden, and the money had never been given to her, he told her that Chissel was to pay three shillings per

week for what he had out of the garden. She observed that such a sum was not adequate to the vegetables he had been supplied with, as he had always been served with the earliest and best which the garden produced: but Mrs. Flash, who was a genteel, amiable woman, said that they had been deceived by Mr. Chissel, who told them that they might have vegetables and milk from Sir Timothy Flight's.

Mr. Chissel never after spoke or even looked at Mrs. Mortimer; but did all he could to prevent her boy having the poney; and as she did not chuse to have any transaction with him, she asked Sir Timothy to give her an order. Sir Timothy also told her that Mr. Modish had found out that she had a bad opinion of him, and that he had taxed Mr. Chissel with having told her some circumstances, which came to his knowledge, upon which Chissel denied the whole, and it was that which had induced him to abuse Mrs.



Mortimer : but Sir Timothy was alarmed when Chissel put himself in a passion ; but that he could not bear him is evident from this letter..

South-street.

Dear Madam,

I feel quite astonished at Chissel's conduct. I left the poneys in his care, and should not have objected to any of his boys riding either of them occasionally gently, when they were not wanted elsewhere. At present I have authorised you to let Chissel ride one, and Mrs. Fuel's boy the other of them ; and if Chissel cannot keep them, they may go to some stable. I should be glad to have No. 4 furnished with a few beds, chairs, and such things. If you think that things can be bought better in London I would have them procured for you : the chance of breakage may be considered. I should think you might save yourself the trouble of coming up, and state the particulars to me by letter. I am now

grown stronger, and can attend a little. My mother is so very ill that I must stay here perhaps a few weeks. Have the Botts tried any thing about soup and tripe? He talked much about it. Believe me,

Dear Madam, your's truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P.S. I think of sending down my Indian cattle soon, of course to be forwarded to the farm.

Mrs. Mortimer pointed out to the Baronet how much he was imposed on by the theatrical persons whom he patronized; and that it was a disgrace to him to appear with such companions. She pointed all this out in the most delicate manner, for she had his interest at heart as much as if he had been her son or brother. To these representations of her's he immediately replied.

Dear Madam,

It is by no means unpleasant to me to hear truth and good sense. As to

Botts, and those who abuse my kindness, they shall smart for it handsomely. I have written to Chissel to take up James, as it might be an unpleasant business to you. I shall get down on Wednesday or Thursday, and shall set all these things to rights.

I remain your's, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

The next post brought the melancholy news of Lady Flight's decease.

Dear Madam,

My poor mother died yesterday; I therefore shall be detained some days. I hope you will get Captain Flash to keep Chissel in good order, as you may shew him my writing, if necessary, saying that I had rather lose half my income than be disgraced by any indecent conduct of his.

I remain your's, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

The following week Mrs. Mortimer had this letter from the Baronet.

Dear Madam,

I hope to get out of Town to-morrow or Saturday. It is painful to see things go on as they do. As I have been prevented coming to Brighton by such melancholy circumstances, those who had any thing to do for me, should have been particularly guarded, and of course to have observed common decency. If you see Captain Flash, you can say that I told you I left the ponies for Chissel, to take the greatest care of; my old horse I never remember to have given him leave to ride at all, much less to ride him seventy miles in one day from Yorkshire. I have not time to write more at present.

I remain, Madam,

Your's truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P.S. If you see Captain Flash, you may state to him that Chissel's sending away James would strike any one as very strange. I told him to look after him; as to corn, &c. &c. but for a land-steward to dismiss grooms is ludicrous. He is useful to me in business, but must be under check in future.

Mrs. Mortimer longed for the Baronet's arrival, for she was told, by every one, that his steward and solicitors were making large fortunes at his expence. Mr. Chissel behaved in the most indecent manner, by frequenting all the public houses, and making Sir Timothy Flight's eccentricities the subject of mirth; by describing his fighting with Miss Shark; and that he knew, in the course of a year, his relations would confine him; therefore he was drawing all the money he could, for if the Baronet's affairs once got into Chancery, he should never get any. The reports circulated were that

Sir Timothy did not come to Brighton because he was insane, and confined in London, and that he had two doctors from St. Luke's to attend him. Mrs. Mortimer traced this report to have originated with some persons in Captain Flash's and Mr. Chissel's service.

Sir Timothy, who was a great mechanic, invented a gun, which was the subject also of Mr. Chissel's conversation, and the laugh of his companions. When the Baronet came to Brighton, he received Mrs. Mortimer with the greatest kindness, and the next day told her of this gun, which he meant to send for the use of the troops in Spain, and he had ordered a quantity for that purpose. Mrs. Mortimer of course could be no judge of guns, but she knew the great expence attending such an order as the Baronet had described, and was anxious to stop it. He had an opinion of her, and she only wished to exert the little influence she might have with him, to for-

ward his welfare. She therefore represented to Sir Timothy, that by sending the guns to Spain, they might fall into the hands of the French, and become destructive to that country for whose benefit they had been invented ; that she had a particular friend in the royal marine artillery, who would soon return from Scotland ; that if the Baronet would permit, she would ask him to try his gun, and should it prove worthy of attention, through that gentleman it might be introduced into the British service. He was pleased with this idea, and till the officer had passed his opinion, a stop was put to the order. Mrs. Mortimer, however, lamented to see, that as soon as she had set aside one expensive romantic project, another succeeded ; for the next thing on which she was consulted was the inhumanity of the present mode of killing animals. Sir Timothy, who had a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, wished to adopt some

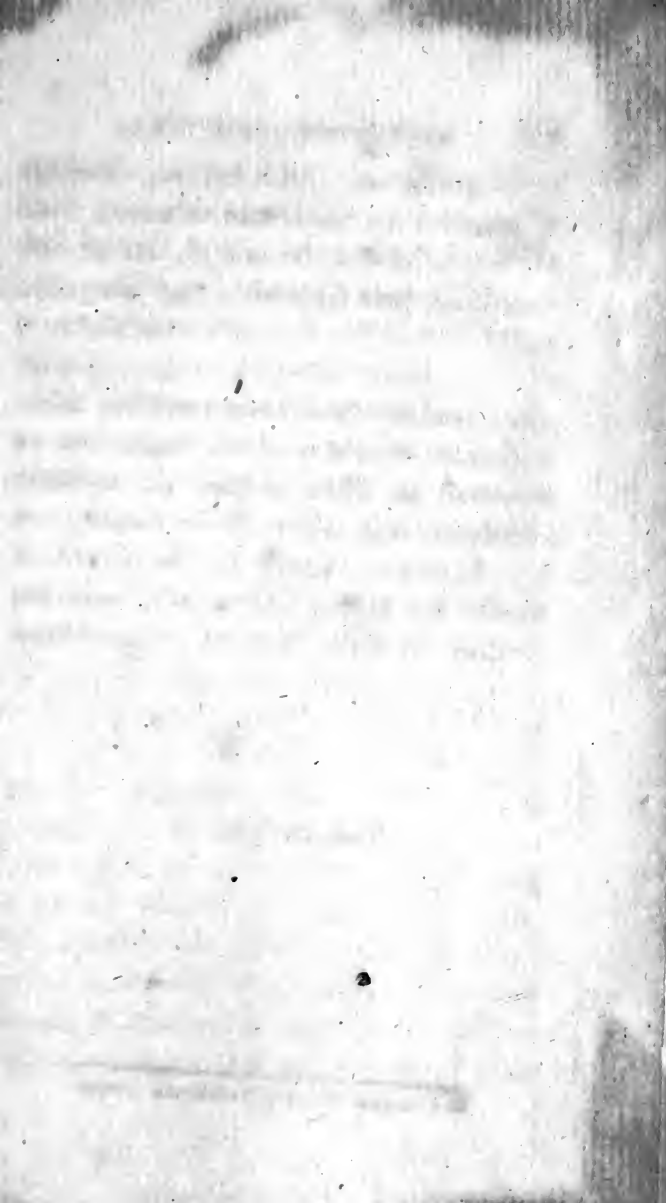
manner to terminate the existence of those animals, designed by providence for our food, which would prove instantaneous, and his steward had recommended to him to establish butchers' shops in different parts of the town, and to advance money to some men of his recommendation, who were to be set up in business at the Baronet's expence, and to shoot the cattle in the ear, instead of destroying them in the usual manner. A farm was also taken from a connection of Captain Flash's, which the steward was to manage, and supply these humane butchers with oxen, sheep, and pigs. Sir Timothy asked Mrs. Mortimer her opinion, which she was incapable of giving, being totally unacquainted with the business; but she applied for information to a respectable butcher in Brighton, who soon convinced her of the impracticability of doing any good by such a proceeding, as from shooting a calf, or a sheep, in the ear, the coagulated blood would render

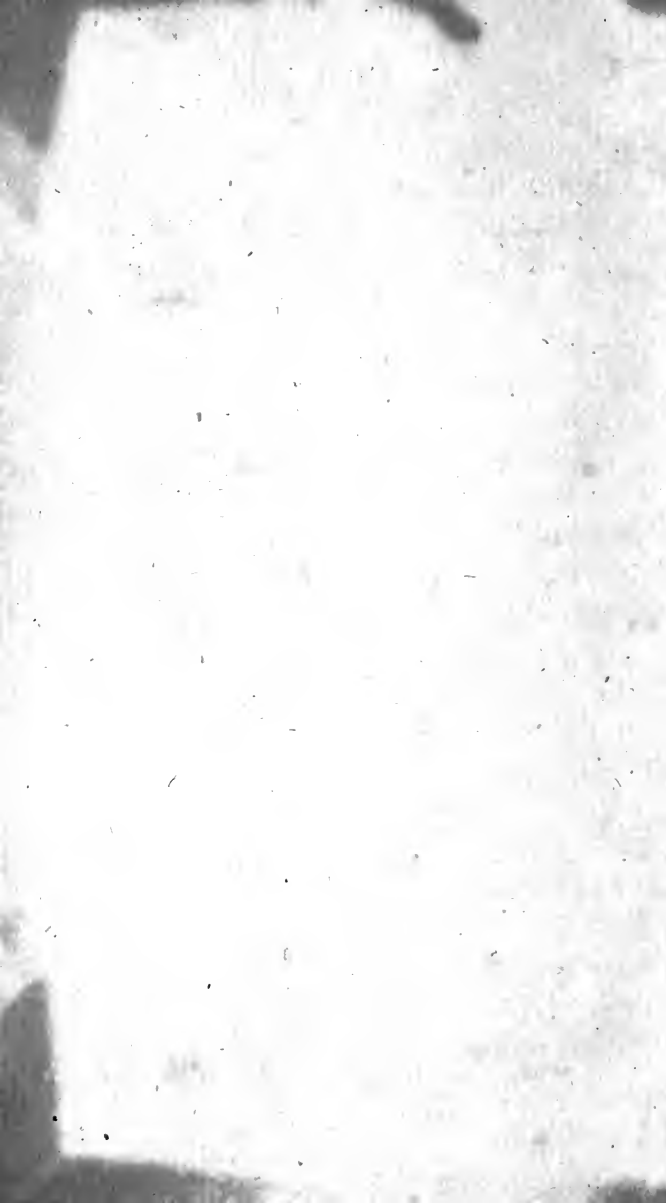


the head and neck useless. Mrs. Mortimer took an opportunity of convincing the Baronet of the impossibility of making such shops answer, and persuaded him to have one of the houses immediately let. About three weeks after Sir Timothy came into Sussex Mr. Alexander Modish made his appearance. Mr. Symphony Modish had taken a house in St. James's street for his family, who were to leave London as soon as the old gentleman had recovered from the gout. Seldom a day passed without Sir Timothy's sending for Mrs. Mortimer to dine with him, one of the Mr. Modishes always being of the party: they were so over attentive, and so full of their compliments to her, that she suspected them not to be sincere, and at last they came to inform the Baronet that Mr. Mrs. and Miss Modish were arrived. Sir Timothy desired that Mrs. Mortimer would visit them; this, however, she declined, as she had a few very old friends

in Brighton, and, with her large family, had little time to devote to amusement. He entreated that she would, for he had doubts of their friendship and integrity, and he thought that she would be a check on them. It was therefore decided that when the family were settled, Mrs. Mortimer should call on them, but as they will be often introduced in these anecdotes, and as they have already cut a conspicuous figure in the world, it would be highly indecorous, and degrading to their dignity, to give their history at the end of a chapter.

END OF VOL. I.











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